

THE
SLIGHTED MAID,
A
COMEDY,

Acted with great Applause at the
Theatre in Little *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*,

By *His Highness the DUKE of*
YORK's Servants.



LONDON,

Printed for *Thomas Dring*, at the *George* near *St. Dunstons*
Church in *Fleet-Street*. 1663.

THE MERRY FOLK

COMEDY

as performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, London

BY THE ACTORS OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN

M
F



To the Illustrious Prince ,

J A M E S

Duke of MONMOUTH, &c.

*Knight of the most Noble Order of
the G A R T E R.*

M Y L O R D ,



O Your Grace I humbly
Dedicate this Come-
dy ; Your Creature ;
for it onely received
from me Matter and
Form : But Your Satisfaction , at
A 2 the

the Presentment, gave it Life. If
it please You in the Reading, my
Pen cannot make me Happier, un-
less I could Vote into my self the
Spirit of *Plutarch*, to enable
me to write the History, which
Your early Perfections promise to
the World. But since Nature has not
put me into a Capacity of serving
Your Grace as I would, be pleas'd (I
beseech You) to accept of what I can,
this, and the Zealous Wishes of

Your Grace's

most humble Servant,

R. STAPYLTON,

The

THE SCENE, N A P L E S.

Names	Characters	Actors.
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Salerno.	<i>{ An aery young Prince, who (being refused by his Love) is a pretender to Mistresses. }</i>	Mr. Harris.
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Iberio.	<i>{ The Prince's Friend, a jealous Lover. }</i>	Mr. Betterton.
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Filomarini.	<i>{ The Prince's Uncle, a prudent and pleasant old Lord. }</i>	Mr. Metborn.
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Lugo.	<i>{ Filomarini's son, who will not be governed by his father. }</i>	Mr. Smith.
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Arviedo.	<i>{ A name which conceals the poverty of Giulio, the young Heir to the Family, Honour, and Valour of the Great Captain Gon-salvo. }</i>	Mr. Cadiman.
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Corbulo.	<i>{ A valiant Lieutenant, constrained by his wants to be Decio's Porter. }</i>	Mr. Young.
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Peralta.	<i>{ A desperate Sea-captain, who (being pardon'd for Pyracy) falls to cheating. }</i>	Mr. Underhil.
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Gioseppe.

Names

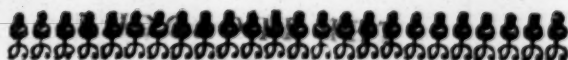
Characters

Actors.

Gioseppe.	{ <i>Master of a Ship, a Vigilant</i> <i>Spie upon Menanthe.</i>	Mr. Noke the Elder.
Vindex.	{ <i>Decio's Slave, who by his</i> <i>faithful Ingenuitie merits his</i> <i>Freedom.</i>	Mr. Sanford.
Decio.	{ <i>The Slighted Maid, Ericina,</i> <i>who (to revenge her refusal by</i> <i>Iberio) assumes the person of her</i> <i>dead Brother, Decio.</i>	Mrs. Gibbs.
Pyramena.	{ <i>A passionate Lady, who (hating</i> <i>the Jealousie of him she loves)</i> <i>marries one she knows not.</i>	Mrs. Betterton.
Diacelia.	{ <i>Elder daughter to the Prince of</i> <i>Bulgaria.</i>	Mrs. Long.
Leandra.	{ <i>Younger daughter to the Prince</i> <i>of Bulgaria.</i>	Mrs. Williams.
Menanthe.	{ <i>An impudent Cheat, a Greek</i> <i>Impostress, who takes upon her to</i> <i>be mother to Leandra.</i>	Mr. Noke the younger.
Joan.	<i>A fat merry Hostess.</i>	Mr. Turner.

The Instrumental, Vocal, and Re-
citative Musick, was composed by
Mr. Banister.

THE



120 THE PROLOGUE
TO
THE KING.

IF Favours merit Thanks, what then is due
For Blessings, Sir, deriv'd to us from You?
Such Blessings as no People, ever since
They prosper'd into Kingdoms, ow'd a Prince:
Three Nations (by all others disesteem'd)
To Honour and to Freedom you redeem'd.
Now your Nobility are Lords ag'n;
Your Commonalty Valiant Loyal Men.
Th'Oil that Anointed you heal'd our sad wounds,
Your Laws have fix'd us in our old just Bounds.
When to your Throne you came, Justice return'd
From Heav'n, and on the Bench (o're which she mourn'd,)
Sit's in your Splendour, gives (not takes) the Word,
And with her Ballance over-rules the Sword,
Which now protects your poorest Subject's Plea,
And guards the Labours of your Land and Sea.
Nor is Toil barr'd from Pleasure, any more,
For, Publick Recreations you restore;
Not Roman Theaters, that were design'd
For Sword-play, our Plays recreate the Mind,
Instruct the Judgment, which Mens Natures learns,
And how to manage Low and High Concerns:
Our whole Globe in this Hemisphere we see
Inlightned with the Raies of Majesty,
Where all, but th' Authors doubtful Eye, looks clear,
But, Sir, be hopes you'l smile away his fear.

THE

THE PROLOGUE
TO
THE HOUSE.

YOur looks are eager, Gentlemen; new Plays,
Like our new Beauties, expectation raise
So high, you promise to your selves a Feast
Of wonders; alas, Miracles are ceas'd:
Now working now by Supernatural means,
Beaumont and Fletcher have writ their last Scenes.
No Johnson's Art, no Shakespear's wit in Nature:
For, Men are shrunk in Brain as well as Stature.
Little pure Wit is stirring, (I confess;)
And that's cri'd down by those that have much less;
And some by the Fanaticks have been taught.
To conclude, All Gentlemen do, is naught.
When those Grave Criticks in their Cradles lay,
Good Plays grew faster than ill Weeds, than they:
Now, one would think, that our slow Writers play'd
A Spanish Mate at Chess, few Draughts are made,
Since meer Gambettors kept the Stage in awe;
For, (who'er sets the Men) they give the Law,
Tyrannically, to our cost we know it,
For (right or wrong) they judge against the Poet.
From such (whom Spleen and Prejudice transport)
Th' Author refers himself to this just Court,
These Noble Ladies, Lords, and Gentlemen,
And humbly at your feet he lays his Pen:
If bad, it shall not write another letter;
If't please, he'l take it up, and please you better.
In courage'd Poets heighten their Designs,
Like Painters, who at first draw rudely Lines.

THE




I
THE
SLIGHTED MAID.

Actus Primus.

Single play

Enter Filomarini, Gioseppe, and Peralta.

Per.  Ome, come ; as sure as I am in my wits,
My Lord *Filomarini*, you are mad :
You would not go to Sea else at your years.

Fil. To Sea? no, if I do, let me be
drown'd. *[to Gioseppe.]*

Per. Are you so old, you've liv'd past sense of danger ?

Fil. I've liv'd past th' age of telling him my secrets.

Per. Or so poor, that Need makes you trust your life
To Planks and Billows ?

Fil. Is my Wine aboard ?

Giof. 'Tis stow'd, and all your Goods.

Per. All your Discretion,
That's stow'd too ; your grave Wisdom's under Hatches,
B Princes

The Slighted Maid.

Princess *Diacelia's* Guardian wants a Guardian.

Fil. Princess *Leandra* wants a Guardian ;
This Pirate little thinks she's landed here ,
And that my Voyage ends in her Arrival.

Per. Turn Child again ; now, when you have invited
All *Naples* to a Feast , you'l not stay dinner ;
Pray, do but eat your breakfast with your friends.

Fil. But is *Leandra* grown the greater Beauty ?
My son's Bride, *Diacelia*, was the Sweeter.

Gios. Your Lordship knew *Leandra* in her childhood ,
You'l see her finely built, so tite, so yare ;
She lacks but you at Helm.

Fil. And I can Steer ;
I shall keep her from falling foul upon
Lugo Filomarini. Where the Devil
Did my son *Lugo* meet her ?

Gios. Where the Devil
Never appear'd before so near an Angel ,
At Church, with the *Greek* Cheat her cursed Mother ,
That passes here for an Illustrious Lady ;
The Vice-Roy heard she was a *Grecian* Princess.

Per. Was ever a Vagary so well tim'd ?
This morning, when your son is to reap here
The Harvest which you sow'd in th' Isle of *Candy*,
To marry a young Princess ; you are going
To solace your cold body with the *Mermaids*.

Fil. To Princess *Diacelia* be a Traitor ?
On's Wedding-Eve fall in love with *Leandra* ?

Gios. At th' Altar : down he fell upon his knees ,
And would have pray'd to Her, but that I whisper'd,
Take heed, Sir, how you set up a new Saint,
He that kneels there is an Inquisitor ;
This frightened him from Superstition ;

But

The Slighted Maid.

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But then he fell to Witchcraft, with th' Impostress
Her Mother, the *Greek* Devil, made a Compact,
That is, a Bargain, for twelve thousand Pistols,
And struck a Match.

Fil. Hey boy ! how sits the Wind ?

Gios. Fore-right, and a brisk Gale.

Per. There's such a wind

In your head, my good Lord, you hear not me.

Fil. Why did they not marry upon the place ?

Gios. Because the *Greek* Leech holds it proper first
To purge your son, and Bleed him in the Purse :
She'll first be sure of his twelve thousand Pistols.

Fil. Captain *Peralta*, there's not such a wind
In my head, but I hear thee, and know, all
Thou say'st is nothing ; answer'd in a word
(The little Word, that governs the great World)
Int'rest ; advantage calls me, I'm concern'd
To leave my Son on's Wedding-day, no less
Than he to complement his Guests, or kiss
His Bride, and I will do't as heartily.

Enter Lugo.

Per. Answer your Son so, he's here (I have prest
Your father's Stay, to make him go his Voyage, [*to Lugo*
He'll sail, near fear't) break my Lord *Lugo's* heart ?

Fil. Hold up thy head, boy ; I may come again,
But if it be my Destiny to sink,
I leave thee a Fortune to buoy up thy heart,
I leave thee a Bride to multiply my Honor.

Lug. There's two good Fortunes.

Fil. And the third's not ill,
I leave thee a Friend, my old Camrade in *Candy* ;
This *Spanish* Captain to draw his Sword for thee ;

B 2

Embrace

The Slighted Maid.

Embrace him, he's experienc'd, take his counsel ;
 Take heed he cheat not ; if a *Spaniard* got him
 'Twas on a *Gipsie*, for he lives by Pillage ,
 The Trade that set him up was Piracy ;
 Had the Rogue been a *Neopolitan*,
 (He's stout and subtle) he'd have made a rare
 Bandite.

{ in his
 Ear.

Lug. You would make a rare Gally-slave,
 For you can Look one way and Row another.
 The Captain may be needful, when I quarrel.

[aside.

Fil. Use him, but trust thy self. So, farewell *Naples*.
 No further, son, my Blessing : I have blest'd
 Th'Excellent Princess *Diacelia*,
 Thy Bride, be worthy of her ; and remember ,
 Remember, Sirra, that her Ancestors
 Were Sovere'gn Princes ; and (although I am
 Her Guardian, yet) that I impos'd not thee
 Upon her, but thou art her own free choice ;
 Remember how thou wert oblig'd, when she
 Refus'd my Nephew, the Prince of *Salerno*.

Per. You'l give me leave to wait you to the Port ?

Fil. To cut thee off, I draw a line, this River
 Of *Rubicon* no Soldier is to pass. [Exeunt *Fil.* & *Gios.*

Lug. No talking to th' old man ; is he not drunk ?

Per. He may be so, he took care for his Wine.

Lug. More than he did for me ; I'd rather be
 My Father's Sack or Claret, than his Son ,
 He's better at chusing of Wines than Brides.

Per. He chose, for you, a Princess.

Lug. But 'twas I

That should have chosen for my self. O Captain !
 I would have took *Leandra* in her Smock ,
 Rather than marry'd Princess *Diacelia*

With

The Slighted Maid

5

With all *Bulgaria*, had she't in possession.
My Father shews his judgment.

Per. He was thought
(Ere he ran Sea-mad) wise.

Lug. Yes, for himself;
Like an unnatural *Moor*, he would take money
Ev'n for the chaining of his son to th'Oar:
But, Captain, thou hast promis'd to redeem me
From the worst of all Slaveries, a loath'd Marriage.

Per. I use not to redeem, but to sell Slaves.
Would I could make a Bargain for his Lordship. [*aside.*
My Lord, I hope to serve you [such a trick
As yet you never saw] but the contrivance
Must be consider'd in a place more private.

Enter Salerno and Iberio.

See, the Prince of *Salerno* and his Friend
My Lord *Iberio*, who commands the Forces
Design'd for *Candy*.

Lug. By their whispering,
It seems, they would be private too; leave them
The house, we'll take a turn or two i'th' Garden,
My Bride is not yet dress'd, there's time enough.

Exeunt Lugo & Peralta.

Iber. She is the most-----

Sal. Inconstant, you would say:
Speak softer.

Iber. Why not louder? 'tis a truth.

Sal. But, friend, all truths are not to be proclam'd.
Prethee, my Lord *Iberio*, do not vex
Thy self, because a Woman proves a Woman:
Be thou a Man, laugh, as I do.

Iber. You may

Have

Have cause to laugh :

Sal. Thou hast almost as much ,
For, our two Cases differ, like two Clocks ,
About some half an hour : thy Mistress comes
From the Church marri'd , mine's going to be marri'd ,
I give her.

Iber. Pish , you cannot, if you lov'd her.

Sal. Special Considerations moving us ,
I lov'd her for her Person, she was handsom ;
I lov'd her for her Fortune, she was rich ;
I lov'd her for her Title , though the *Turk*
Usurps her Country of *Bulgaria* ,
Still she's a Princess : Princess of *Salerno*
I wish'd her, but my cousin *Lugo* had
The Preference ; and since I must not be
Her Husband, I'll e'n be her Reverend Father ,
And give her. What think'st thou of my Resolve ?

Iber. I think, there's ne'er a Prince in *Italy*
Better than you are, at digesting Willow.

Sal. Willow feeds me fat, I'm a kind of Kid ,
I feel my self so gamefome after it ,
So wanton : now am I for Mistresses ,
Mistresses in abundance.

Iber. One's too much.

Sal. The Enemy to my *Bu'lgarian* Love,
He that unthron'd her Crown'd Progenitors ,
The Great *Turk*, keeps not Mistresses enow :
A Mistress, Sir, may be your fairest play ,
For it is possible, she may be your Mistress ,
That would not be your Wife.

Iber. Impossible ,
I'll never see her more.

Sal. What will you lay ?

Enter

The Slighted Maid.

7

Enter Arviedo.

Your Cousen can resolve us, he has made it
His business to inquire. Where's *Pyramena*?

Arv. She's in the House.

Iber. In this House, *Arviedo*?

Arv. Her husband told me, she was going hither:
And when his Highness lighted from his Coach,
Her Chair was carri'd in.

Sal. A Plot! she marry'd
So early, to meet thee, and make Proposals:
But she will lose her Time, and I my Sport,
If the Bride be not hasten'd.

Exit Salerno.

Iber. I would make
The Prince no sport, but that I have ingag'd
To dine here.

Arv. Better you would dine at home,
For, *Pyramena's* husband, *Decio*,
Arm'd with Gold, that puts Confidence in Cow'ards,
Offers to every wanting hand a Bribe
To poison you.

Iber. *Decio* poison me?
Thy kind fear thinks (now he has marry'd her,
I should have had) that he must with my life
Secure his Purchase.

Arv. He attempted me.

Iber. Do not I know, he loves to droll with thee?

Arv. He would scarce droll away the Sum he offer'd.

Iber. To thee? my kinsman, one that I bred up?

Arv. He urg'd my Obligation and Relation
As the best Blinds, told me, that I might act
In his Revenge, and make my self a Fortune,
Like a destructive Mountebank, that thrives

By

The Slighted Maid.

By Poison, first takes Money, then takes Lives.

Iber. In Rhyme? but he's an *Illustrissimo*
Of *Venice* and *Parnassus*, a rich Poet:
Would thou hadst took his Money.

Arv. And given you
The Poyson? sure I sooner should have drunk it.

Sal. I dare be sworn thou would'st.

Arv. And can you wish
Such Faith corrupted?

Sal. No, my noble Cousin,
'Tis to prevent a Rogue that might be hir'd,
That I wish thee employ'd.

Arv. On that account,
I'll take his Gold, and undertake your Murder;
To serve your Lordship I'll be any thing,
Your Pois'ner to preserve you.

Sal. Were he bold,
I might suspect, that *Decio* would revenge
His sister *Ericina*.

Arv. She that dy'd
For love of you.

Sal. But from so soft a spirit
I apprehend no danger, howe'er sound him.

Exit Arviedo.

Enter Salerno, Diacelia, Pyramena, and Attendants.

Sal. Well, Princess *Diaelia*, my first Love,
Although you make your unseen Guest, my Heart,
A Mourner at your Wedding; yet those Joys
From which you banish me, I wish to you.

Dia. In the Prince of *Salerno's* Arms I wish
A better Wife.

Sal. Bar curses; no Wife, Madam,

Mistresses

The Slighted Maid.

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Mistresses what you please.

Dia. Fie, fie, Sir, leave
This Raillerie.

Sal. Leave you your frowning then;
Learn of your Senior Bride there, how to smile { *Pyram.*
On a condemn'd Pris'ner of Love. He frowns ? { *smiles on*
Abominable ! frown when his Mistress smiles ? { *Iberio.*
Pardon my zeal, Madam, I hope my Friend
May have a Mistress ?

Dia. Not of *Pyramena* ;
She's Virtuous, take't upon my word.

Sal. Nay, now
That I have the word of a Princess for
Her Virtue, I'll ingage my Friend to try it.

He Sings.

*Thy Love is Chast, they tell thee so ;
But how, young Soldier, shalt thou know ?
Do by her
As by thy Sword ,
Take no Friend's word ,
But try her :
'Twill raise her Honour one Step higher.
Fame has her Trial at Love's Bar ,
Deifi'd Venus from a Star
Shoots her Lustre :
She had never been Goddess't ,
If Mars had been modest :
Try and trust her.*

Dia. What a strange wild-brain'd husband have I scap'd !
Iber. You think, I take this for a current smile,
I know 'tis counterfeit, gilt brags, your Face

C

Purs

The Slighted Maid.

Puts mirth on, when your Conscience is tormented.

Py. My conscience?

Iber. Have you none? or is't a-sleep?

It shall be wak'd, I'll thunder.

Py. If Heav'n thunder'd

I should not tremble, for I am not guilty.

Iber. Then you're not marri'd?

Py. I am Wife to *Decio*,

No Lord, but equal to a Lord of *Naples*;

A Gentleman of *Venice*. When will't thunder?

I see no Lightning yet.

Iber. The Clap comes now,

(Avoid it, if you can) did you not swear

You would be my Wife?

Py. Did not you swear first,

That you would not be jealous? were ye not?

Fell you not out with me, for visiting

My Kindred? then I marri'd: Where's my crime?

'Tis you that should fear Thunder, you are perjur'd,

You broke th' Oath upon which my Oath was built,

And Superstructures always fall to ground,

When their Foundation sinks. Can you deny it?

Iber. Mine was not Jealousie, but Tenderness

Of your Repute: 'tis a censorious Clime

We live in; from the Liberty you took,

I fear'd a popular Scandal on your Honor.

Py. It seems so, by th' Insolence of your Language;

Did you not tell me, that the world would say,

Iberio was a fool to venture her

To common Courtship, that was Vow'd to him-----

Sal. This makes for me, if Vow have past between them;

May not *Iberio* court his own Wife, Madam? [to *Dia.*

Iber. And would you leave me for a hasty word?

Py.

The Slighted Maid.

11

Py. Yes, he that would controll me when my Servant,
Would tyrannize when he should be my Husband.
I have one that Vows he never will commit
Your Jealous Sin against my Innocence :
But I forgive you ; something too I'll give you ,
My self I cannot, you have forfeited
Your Right in me : but I'll create a Title
For you, next Husband, you shall be my Friend.

Sal. Did not I tell thee ?

[to *Iberio*.

Enter Gioseppe disguised, he gives a Letter to Diacelia.

Py. If your Lordship please
To taste the First-fruits of our Bridal Board
Sal. And Bed. Ah Rogue, wrapt in thy Mothers Smock.
Py. You shall be the Bride's guest.

Iber. I won't.

Sal. Out Clown.

Dia. Honest old friend *Gioseppe*, I dare say,
My Guardian, my Lord *Filomarini*,
Is misinform'd; for grant that his son *Lugo*
Had no Love for me, yet for his own Honor,
Now we are going to Church to be married,
He'd not fly off.

Gio. But when you see the proof ;
Your Highness (as your Guardian directs)
Will be pleas'd to put on the *Spanish* Veil ,
And go with me.

Dia. He writes, that, by your means,
He has preferr'd himself and me for Servants
To the *Greek* Cheat, your Mistress. I'll obey him.

Gio. Pray send for me, I'll wait at your Back-stairs.

[Exit *Gioseppe*.

Py. My Husband is a Stranger, a *Venetian*.

C 2

(For

The Slighted Maid.

(For when I found you jealous, I resolv'd
 Never to have a *Neopolitan*,)
 But he so loves your Town, he'll dwell with you :
 And sure you cannot but love him again ,
 The goodest man, nothing but innocent mirth,
 His whole delight is to make Songs and Masks ;
 I hope you'l come ?

Iber. If I do, I'll tell *Decio*

What an inviting Wife he has.

Py. Your Servant.

Enter Lugo and Peralra.

Lug. Sir, my dear Love, my good Lord, noble Lady,
 Please to excuse me, that I have thus long
 Defer'd the Ceremony of the Day ,
 I stay'd for this slow Friend : let's now to Church.

Per. No haste : I was your Friend more than mine own ,
 Or else I would not have engag'd with you
 (For such a vast sum) to the *Jews*.

Iber. Engage ?

Pirates engage ? will *Jews* trust Free-booters ?

Per. My Bril's protested, and my Credit lost,
 By your neglect of payment at your Day,
 And I come not to give your Lordship Joy ,
 But to renounce the name of Friend to one
 That has so publicly renounc'd his Honor.

Lug. Good angry Captain, Soldiers should not be
 Judges of Lovers : if you come to th' Honor
 Of being a Bridegroom, you will never think
 Of transitory things. When I am marri'd ,
 I'll satisfy the *Jews*.

Per. Satisfie me ,

In point of Reputation, [You are out,

[*aside.*
 Y^e are

The Slighted Maid

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Y'are out : seem mov'd ; answer, Is that the business ?]

Lug. Is that the business ? You have reason, Captain:
Before the Priest joyn our hands, I'll dispatch thee.
My dear, once more excuse me, if you pardon
Th'adjournment of our Marriage, my Friends will ;
Indeed they would not pardon me, if I
Prefer'd the Law of Hospitality
Before the Rule of Honor. Follow, Captain.

[*Exeunt Lugo & Peralta.*

Sal. Your colour changes, Madam ? use my service.

Dia. Pardon me, that I decline company,
Till my Lord comes back.

Sal. Your obedient Servant.

[*aside.*

Dia. Now I perceive my Guardian's a great Prophet.

Exit Diacelia.

Pj. This is the second time that I'm inforc'd
To give you over, for th' Infirmary
You suckt from Nature, Jealousie ; yet once
You had some colour, but now no pretence,
For, you are Jealous of another's Wife.

[*Exit Pyramena.*

Sal. Deny another's Wife ? art thou a Man ?

Iber. Not such a man as the Prince of *Salerno* ;
You are for serving Mistresses, but I
Serve Christendom against th' Inroaching Turk,
And so, our cross-designes must sever us.

Sal. A cross-grain'd Dunce thou art, and so I leave thee.

Enter Arviedo.

Iber. Stay, hear my Cousen *Arviedo's* news,
Though there be not a Mistress in the case ;
Did thou or I guess right ?

Arv. Your Lordship did ;

For

For *Decio* vows, that when he courted me
To poison you, he meant you no more hurt
Than I, when I accepted the employment.

Iber. What a Droll's this?

Arv. I have a Drolling message,
But more ridiculous.

Sal. Better still, what is't?

Arv. An Offer, such as manyet never made,
He calls't a Kindness: *Decio* prays your Lordship,
To think his House and all within it, yours;
Though all without it be not so much worth
As one within it, and that is, his Wife.

Sal. I vow a kindness.

Arv. He acknowledges,

She wrong'd you in her marriage, and that you,
For her offence, might justly make your self
A stranger to his Wife, but if you do,
'Twill grieve her, and her grief will break his heart.

Sal. By his kind heart, who would not swear this fool
Mark for this Cuckold; wert thou not resolv'd
Never to see his Wife?

Iber. Who told you so?

Sal. Thou.

Iber. True, I did; but that was in my rage,
When my hot fit was on me, now 'tis off,
I'll dine with *Decio*.

Arv. Will you?

Iber. Will I live?

I'm the Bride's guest.

Arv. Your Highness is his friend,
Pray, Sir, dissuade him, interpose your pow'r.

Sal. What, now there is a *Mistris* in the case?

Arv. But there's a *Man* too, and a spleenful Man,

Decio's

The Slighted Maid.

15

Decio's an Enemy.

Sal. Decio's an Ass.

Arv. Although he has a pretty innocent face,
Decio is not the Fool you take him for;
But would a Fool invite Him to his Wife,
And mean less than a Murder?

Sal. I'll secure
All Avenues, he shall not be surpriz'd.

Arv. You forget whose death *Decio* would revenge,
Think of his Sister. [to Iberio.]

Iber. I think of his Wife.

Arv. You ought to think of her as of a Syren,
That sings but to intice you to a Rock.

Iber. In those soft Rocks there is no danger, Cousen.

Arv. I onely fear the danger of their Honors. [aside.]

Sal. Danger? now there's a *Mistress* in the Case?
Mark the word *Mistress*, does it not sound well?

Iber. Sweeter (by far) than *Arviedo's* Lute.

Sal. Or Trills of Nightingales.

Iber. Or Canary-Birds,
Whistling the Flajolet.

Sal. Now, as friends should be,
We are of one mind, and I will not leave thee;
Never may he Plead more, that leaves his place
At Bar, when there's a *Mistress* in the case. [Exeunt.]

Actus

Actus Secundus.

Enter Vindex with a Paquet of Letters in his hand.

Vin. **T**His Wedding-day, this Dancing, and this
Fidling,
Puts all my Master *Decio's* business by :
Porter at Gate, speak to the Paquet-Boat,
These are for *Venice*, hast thou any Letters?

*Enter Corbulo.**Cor.* None.*Vin.* Hast thou any Wine? the Slave's a-dry.*Cor.* None neither.*Vin. Corbulo*, then farewell and be-----

Cor. Hang'd thou mean'st, Rogue, that } *Corbulo em-*
stop deserves a Bottle, } *braces Vindex.*

And in my Lodge I have a bouncing Bottle,
Good-fellows too, come in, we'll take a Touch;
But first, sing o're the Roll, and name our Healths.

They Sing.

*Drink to me, Boy;**Here's to thee, Boy;**A Health t' our Master,**A Nobler never obey'd I;**Couple him with my Lady,**Never Man had a Chaster;**Match the Vice-Roy, as even,**With his Royal Creatour,**To the King: blefs him Heav'n,**And a Pox take the Traitor.*

{ knocking
at Gate.

Cor.

The Slighted Maid

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Cor. Hey ! what rapping ? *Vindex*, turn the Key.

Vin. Thou thinkst that thou art a Lieutenant still,
And tak'st me for thy Corporal & look thou
To the Gate, I dare not, lest I be knockt,
Their fingers are so furious.

Cor. If the Lodge

Be thus unquiet, such an Iron-mill,
I'll turn our fine young Master, *Decio*,
Out of my service ; hold, and let me see
Who 'tis, that knocks so like a Gentleman.

Enter Salerno, Iberio, and Arviedo.

Cry mercy, Sir ; though I thought 'twas no Begger,
I lookt not for a Prince.

Sal. *Iberio*, go,

[*Exit Iberio.*

Mind thou thy Mistress ; Fear is the best Spie,
Thou, *Arviedo*, make discoveries.

Arv. I have made one, Sir, Is not this the Soldier,
That, when our men fell basely from th' Assault,
Ralli'd them, beat the *French*, enter'd the Breach,
And set upon the Bulwark the King's Colours ?

Sal. He serve a private man ?

Arv. Know'st thou the Prince ?

Cor. He has forgot me.

Arv. Sure I have seen thy face ?

Cor. And this hand, *Arviedo*, better arm'd.

Sal. Lieutenant *Corbulo* ? why, fellow-Soldier,
Prethee, how comes thy Partizan thus chang'd
Into a Porter's Staff ?

Cor. The times are chang'd, Sir,
War into Peace, and Soldiers into Beggers,
And, Sir, you know, Beggers must be no Chusers ;
If I might chuse my Office, I would be

D

(Not

The Slighted Maid.

(Not Porter, but.) Lieutenant *Corbulo*,
And in my hand I'd flourish Steel, not Silver.

Sal. I cannot blame thee, for Steel masters Gold,
There's some for thee, drink my Mistress's Health. } gives
Cor. I must drink to your Inclinations. } him gold

Health upon Health; we hear, Sir, you are raising
A Regiment of *Mistresses*; how full
Your Companies, how many do you Muster?

Sal. I beat my Drums yet.

Cor. March a thousand strong,
I am for your first Mistress, a pitch'd Battel;
A fair Campania; War, Sir, glorious War
Will dignifie your Title, raise your Fame.

Sal. True, *Corbulo*, and ruine my Estate,
Have we not President for that? what Fortune
Has fam'd *Gonsalvo*, the great Captain, left
To his Posterity? is not the young Heir
Of that brave General's Family, *Giulio*,
So poor, he dares not show his face in *Naples*?

Cor. But you know Generals Heirs who are great Lords.

Sal. Why dost not thou fight to advance thy self?
Now the *Pope* raises here a Regiment
Commanded by my Lord *Iberio*.

Go with my Friend to *Candy* and get Honor;
Kill *Turks*, man, and the Signory of *Venice*
Will make thee a Knight of th' Order of *St. Marc*.

Cor. Though I've got onely wounds in the King's Service,
I will not fight but by the King's command,
And in a place of Honor and of Profit:
But, Sir, your Highness needs no Salary.

Sal. I may, like th' Emperor *Maximilian*,
Trail my Pike under an Invincible King.

Cor. Serve ours again, fight for the Crown of *Spain*,
And I'll no longer serve a Foreiner. *Sal.*

The Slighted Maid.

19

Sal. Wu't serve me, in thy *Neopolitan* Mistress?

Cor. No; I keep her for my *Venetian* Master.

Sal. It seems, thou hast a Charge of Chastity.

Cor. One of the Warders in the Brazen Tower.

Sal. That keep thy *Danaë* safe from midnight Visits.

Cor. I'll help your Highness to a handsomer-----

Sal. Handsomer than thy Lady?

Cor. Than all Ladies,

Th'incomparable Beauty, Contenance:

Make short sleeps; lie and fare (as I do) hard,

You shall have *Contenance*, an't please your Highness.

Sal. Hang her, She pleases neither High nor Low:

But I am pleas'd to see thy care, Lieutenant.

Cor. True to my trust.

Sal. For which (hold) there's more Gold.

Cor. More Counsel I will give you for this Fee,
Marry, and make me your Porter.

Sal. Here's my hand-----

Cor. It is a liberal one, I kiss your Bounty. [Exit.

Sal. I dare not trust this Soldier, there may be
More of the Crew, he may command a Party:
Let's seek *Iberio* out, and fetch him off.

[Exeunt *Salerno* & *Arviedo*.

Enter Iberio and Pyramena.

Py. You may praise my good Nature, you'll scarce match it
In *Naples*; show another of my Sex,

That scorn'd like me, will slight the Injury,

And welcome the Affronter; but you'r welcome

To *Decio's* House, my Heart, and your old Love.

Iber. But will you love me, may I ask, and hope?

Py. I promise you any thing in my power.

Iber. Will you then, do-----

Py. Do what?

D :

Iber.

Sal.

Iber. It will not out ;
 Do me the favour to shew me the House ,
 Which seems to be, like you, a Paradise.
Py. The Building is much handsomer than I ,
 But both are (equally) at your dispose :
 The Rooms of State your Lordship may see now ,
 But 'twill be dinner-time ere I can show you
 The private Lodgings.

Iber. On, sweet Madam, on.

Enter Salerno.

Sal. *Iberio* ? stay.

Iber. You will not offer it,
 Now she invites me ?

Sal. To this ruine, fool :
 The Porter is Lieutenant *Corbulo* ,
 The boldest Officer of all our Foot ,
 Thou know'st him, he confesses, he takes Pay
 Of *Decio* for securing his fair Wife.

Enter Arviedo hastily.

Arv. Stand on your Guard, *Decio* has lin'd his House
 With Mariners out of the *Turky*-Ship ,
 Which came from the *Levant* into the Harbour
 This morning.

Iber. See the fruit of Mistresses.

Arv. How much more noble would your death have been
 Had your blood smear'd a Bashaw's Semiter ?
 Then you had dy'd upon the Bed of Honor.

Py. He cannot have a Plot to murder you.

Arv. Two hours since he had one to poison him ;
 I heard the Word given now, it is, Fall on.

Py. Your Forlorn I will be.

Say't

The Slighted Maid.

21

Iber. Say'st thou me so?

I shall love Mistresses better for thy sake.

[*within.*]

{*Salerno, Iberio, and Ar-*
viedo draw their Swords.

Dec. Fall on.

Sal. Do, Rogues, we'll sell our---- how? a Dance?

Sailers and their wives Dance.

Enter Decio and Vindex.

Vin. What will you do?

Dec. Villain, how dar'st thou ask?

Justice I'll do, teach men how to slight Maids.
Princes, the *Turky*-Ship thus speaks your welcome
To my Wife's House, for I have neither House,
Nor Land, nor Body, nor Soul, all's my Wife's,
And (mark Poetick Prophecie) she'll be yours.

Iber. My Wife?

Dec. Your Wife.

Sal. When, *Decio*?

Dec. Let me see?

All the men of my Race di'd (punctually)
At two and twenty, so that three years hence
She's yours, if you've a stomach to her then,
As ready as the Wedding-dinner now
On my Wife's Table, your Wife that shall be
Three years hence.

Py. Have but patience till we have din'd,
After the Banquet.

[*Exeunt Decio & Pyramena.*

Sal. Thou shalt see and taste
The Fruit of Mistresses and my Endeavours.
Look you serve me (another time) as well.

Iber. Better, I'll work thee a new Mine of Beauty.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter.

*Enter Filomarini, Diacelia, and Gioseppe, in their
Disguises as Spaniards.*

Gios. Quick, fellow-servant, set the Chairs, *Gioseppe*:
My Lady's little Dog has foul'd the Carpet,
Perfume here, Princess *Diacelia*.

Dia. Princess *Diacelia*?

Fil. I should say, *Fritilla*,
For, to serve *Diacelia* and *Leandra*
(As by a Guardian's duty bound) I have
Unlorded my self and Unprince's'd thee;
Granchild *Fritilla*, Daughter to my Son
That's at *Madrid*, Mace-bearer to the King;
But I despise the City of *Madrid*
To match this *Spanish* Beauty.

Dia. You are pleasant;
But Guardian, I should say, Grand-father *Draco*,
Why are we *Spaniards*? if you had still been
My Lord *Filomarini*, your son *Lugo*
Had marry'd me without dispute.

Fil. No, Grand-child,
He had too great a passion for *Leandra*.

Dia. Me-thinks, in your own shape you might have
aw'd him.

Fil. I should have sham'd him into Impudence
If I had made a publick Business of it.

Gio. Twelve thousand Pistols you had sav'd your son.

Fil. What e'r he loses, she shall not lose him,
Nor shall my Nephew, the Prince of *Salerno*,
That's mad for Mistresses, now want a Wife:
I'll bring them about, Master, as the Wind
Carries thy Sails, without appearing in't.

Enter

The Slighted Maid.

23

Enter Leandra.

Look where *Leandra* comes, your Bride-grooms Love.

Dia. Let me embrace my Rival. { *Leandra lays her hand*

Lean. We'll not quarrel ; { *on Diacelia's breast.*

Here sticks Love's Arrow with the golden head,

My fullen heart is wounded with dull Lead.

Fil. By why alone, young Mistress ? where's our Lady,
Th' old Hag, your Mother ?

Lean. Talking with a Captain
Sent from your Son.

Fil. The Fool employs the Pyrate.

Lean. Yes, to lay me aboard ; I hope you'll fight him ?

Fil. My Nephew shall ; for, the Prince of *Salerno*
(If you can like him) must love you, I'll charm him

With this *Leandra* in little, this thy Picture

Given me by a Witch (I mean, thy Mother)

Shall melt him, (Liver, Lungs, Brain, Heart, and all)

As if 't were his own Picture, made in Wax,

And stuck with Needles.

Lean. When I see your Nephew,

I'll tell you how I like him : 'tis the Man,

And not the Prince, that I shall look upon.

Fil. I see, thy humble humor is quite spent.

Lean. I found my spirits when I found my friends,

(Thanks to this Pilot, my good Guide *Gioseppe*)

But to your Lordship's Orders I submit.

Fil. Yet a while seem obedient to th' old Woman ;

Enter Menanthe and Peralta.

She comes, the Pirate after her.

Me. Wait here, { to Peralta, (who in his hand has a small
Coronet and knot of Diamonds.)

Till

Till I dispatch these to their several duties.

Hosepe, we are pleas'd with these new Servants

Of thy commending, once again you're welcom. *{ they bow to her.*

Draco, do what you undertook to do,

Show the young Prince, (who cries up Mistresses)

Leandra's Picture, try how much he'll offer,

Lugo's twelve thousand Pistols must not buy her.

[*Filomarini bows, and goes off.*

Hosepe, take you, from the Captain's man,

Those *Turky*-Vests sent us by my Lord *Lugo*.

[*Gioseppe bows, and departs.*

Fritilla, chuse you out the richest Vest,

And fit it to *Leandra* : *Mignon*, look

That you obey my Maid in point of Dress;

[*Diacelia and Leandra make low Curtsies.*

And heark you ? trifle not your time away,

Your Lord will come straight : do y' hear ? put on Parches.

[*Leandra still makes Curtsies down to the ground.*

[*Exeunt Leandra & Diacelia.*

Twelve thousand Pistols in Gold I expected,

[*to Per.*

But, Friend, if you ingage that, *bona fide*,

The Jewels are worth so much, I'll accept 'em.

Per. Two thousand Pistols my Lord *Lugo* will

Bring from the Mint, these are well worth ten thousand.

Me. These you deliver upon Reputation ?

Per. First, Madam, give me leave to satisfy

My curiosity ; do you, *Greek Ladies* ;

Keep *Turkish* State ?

Me. It is both State and Wisdom,

Servants and Children to their Mistresses

And Mothers should be Mutes, bow, not presume

To talk.

Per. But may a Stranger use his tongue ?

Will

The Slighted Maid. 295

Will you not be offended if I speak?

Me. What would you say?

Per. Protest, I know not what;

For though we that are bred up in the Wars,

Are seldom out of countenance in Peace,

Your presence daunts me.

Me. We are Great, not Proud.

Per. I am not ignorant, what a high Esteem

The Court has for you, what respect the Lords;

May then a poor plain Captain ask a question?

Me. It shall be answer'd, if't be in our Sphere.

Per. 'Tis in the Sphere of your Activity;

Live you not by your Wits?

Me. Alas, poor Captain;

Are you come to your Wits? Fear's a short Threnie,

Speak again.

Per. Live you by your Wits?

Me. Again.

Per. Are you a Cheat?

Me. In Hell's name, what art thou?

That ask'st me this damn'd question?

Per. A Sea-Captain.

Me. Or (as some Copies render it) a Pirate.

Per. I was a Pirate, Sovereign of the Sea,

Fir'd Billows, to make way for Robbery;

Kept a Prize-Office at *Algier*, of Goods

Stoln from my Prince, the mighty King of *Spain*,

(For which I have his Pardon in my poquer)

And do you think a Pirate, an old Thief,

Can want eyes to discern his fellow-Thief?

Me. It were a vanity for me to halt

Before a Cripple; I imploy the Talent

Nature gave me to live by, This young Lord

I mean to cheat ; *Leandra* shall be sold
Over and over. But (bold Captain) you
That were the Sovereign of the Sea (and so forth)
Kept a Prize-Office at *Algier*, of Goods
Stoln from your Prince, the mighty King of *Spain* ,
You will not scruple (sure) to joyn in cheating
Any of the King's Subjects, though your Friend ?

Per. Joyn ? we'l joyn Issue, for I'l marry thee.

Me. Two words to such a bargain , worthy Captain.
Discharge your Trust, deliver me the Jewels ,
And on my Honour, I'l not be unthankful.

Per. Three words to such a bargain, noble Lady.
These Gems are held in Mort-main, lockt as fast
As in a dead man's hands, I will take nothing ,
I'l give my self and these ; accept of both ,
Or neither.

Me. What if neither ?

Per. Why then, Madam ,
Graciously you may please to hang your self ,
And save the Law a labour. Does *Menanthe*
Because grown gallanter, (*Leandra* taller)
Think I forget thee and thy theft in *Candy* ?
Refuse me, and to all Thieves (that dare live
Under the Noses of the men they robb'd)
I'l make thee an Example ; marry me ,
This Hand, this Sword protects thee.

Me. Nay, if you
Have had a Passion for me so long since ,
And never yet, from your undaunted heart ,
Could blot out my Remembrance ; 'tis a Match.

Per. *Lugo* shall pay thy Portion.

Me. One half, Captain,
The Prince shall pay the other Moyety.

[*Exeunt* .
Enter

The Slighted Maid.

27

*Enter Salerno, and Filomarini with a Book of
Pictures in little.*

Sal. From th'Universal Monarch?

Fil. That's his Style.

Sal. Tell me (ere I inquire into thy Message)
How long is't since his Holiness confer'd
That Title on the King?

Fil. What King?

Sal. Our King,

The King of *Spain*; com'st thou not from the King?

Fil. I come from one to whom the King's a Subject.

Sal. Thou speak'st not like a Subject; what's thy name?

Fil. My name is *Draco*.

Sal. Of the *Athenian Draco's*?

Fil. No, of the *English Drakes*, great Captain *Drake*
(That sail'd the World round) left in *Spain* a By-blow,
Of whom I come.

Sal. From whence com'st thou to me?
What Prince's Agent art thou?

Fil. Love's, Love's Envoy;
I am a Messenger from *Cupid*, sent
To help you to a *Venus*.

Sal. But one *Venus*?

Fil. To one, two, three, four hundred *Venuses*:
Build a *Seraglio*, I can furnish it
With Rarities, Provided, you will have
The Patience of a Prince, to see, and hear.

Sal. Reverend Pimp, thou shalt have Audience.

Fil. Illustrious Potentate, Love's Envoy shoves
Letters of Credence; There's a Mistress for you.

[*Fil.* shoves a Picture, *Sal.* looks
on't and throws it away.

E 2

Sal.

Sal. There she's for thee again, the Pox to boot,
To wish it her, the curse would come too late;
Why, one Eye's perish'd.

Fil. Sir, I Articled
For patience; what great Lapidary ever
Show'd his best Diamond first? Here's one will fit you.

Sal. Fourscore years hence, for she's at least a hundred.

Fil. You're very curious; this is young enough.

Sal. Ugly enough too in all conscience;
Pretty Owl, how't stares? and deep in the Green-sickness:
Go, go; she that I take the pains to cure,
Shall be a Paragon.

Fil. A Paragon
This is, or my eyes fail me; by degrees
Examine her, the Morning is not younger---

Sal. Nor blushes sweeter; what a Skin? the Alps
Were never whiter: Lips which eager Birds
Would peck at, for Ripe Cherries; *Cesar's Eyes*,
That Conquer Nations, they but look upon.

Fil. Have I perform'd like a Discoverer?

Sal. Had the great *Drake* (whose Issue thou art) put
As many Girdles round about the Earth,
As ever the Sun did about the Heavens;
A Lovelier he could not have discover'd.
But, Sirrah, will you justify this Piece?
Shall not I (as a mighty Prince did) curse
The Picture-drawer, when I see the Maid?

Fil. Sir, if her Character were to be writ;
The sweetness of her Disposition,
Her Mildness, Innocence, Humility,
Obedience, if these were to be describ'd,
Your Highness might curse th' Orator and Poet,
But you will bless me and the Picture-drawer,

When.

The Slighted Maid.

29

When you shall see *Leandra*.

Sal. Ha, *Leandra*?

I have heard of her Mother, the *Greek Lady*,
My service, honest *Draco*, soon at night
I'll visit her.

Fil. No, then you'll come too late;
Your Cousen *Lugo* will be marri'd to her:
His Duel was a trick, Sir, to change Brides.

Sal. That must not be; then I'll go with thee, *Draco*.

Fil. No, then you'll come too early; let me try
My little wit first to break off the Treaty.
If you'll be at your Palace, when 'tis time
I'll call you.

[*A Banquet set forth.*]

Sal. What if *Lugo* should debauch her?

Fil. I'll watch for you, like *Danae's* old Father.

Sal. I'll pay thee better than young *Jupiter*
Paid his Procurer, when the wanton God
Coin'd himself into Gold. Let none corrupt.

[*Enter Iberio.*]

Her Virtues but my self. *Iberio*, see,
Wonder, and shake hands, I am going to her.

Iber. You shall stay, and rid me of *Decio* first.

[*Enter Pyramena.*]

Py. I cannot get my Husband to the Banquet;
He's so pleas'd with your Cousen *Arviedo*,
(His Brother-Lutenist) he has carri'd him
To see his new Scenes, for this hour they're safe.
Sir, will you please to sit?

Sal. To wait of you.

Iber. Oh, pray be gone; he's full of business, Madam;
You lose your time.

Sal.

Sal. Then I've my liberty.

Iber. I'll throw *Marc Antoxy's* old Shoo after you,
His Slippers will serve me, I'm going to bed. [*Exit. Sal.*
Now, Madam, we are (to our with) alone. *they sit to*

Py. The fewer the better fare; you freelier may *the Banq.*
Tatte any thing you love here.

Iber. I love you.

Py. You cannot, better than I love your Lordship.

Iber. That's Musique to our Banquet. Let's embrace
The Opportunity, and one another.

Py. I hope I understand not, what do y' mean?

Iber. To claim your promise.

Py. What was't?

Iber. Any thing

In your pow'r.

Py. Such a promise I did make.

Iber. Perform it; your Injoyment's in your power.

Py. I have heard Casuists say, That's onely in
Our pow'r which justly and safely we may do. [*mile,*

Iber. Then do what's in your Pow'r, perform your Pro-
That's just; and be my Love, and you are fate.

Py. In Honor?

Iber. Honor?

Py. I love you, my Lord,
Above all men, (my Husband not excepted)
But I love Virtue more than I love you.

Iber. If you love Virtue so much, when you knew
My application vitious, why did you
Encourage me to hope? tell me the truth?

Py. The truth is, I have fool'd you.

Iber. Cruelly.

Py. I have indeed, cruelly fool'd your Lordship.

He rises and shuts the door.

Do

The Slighted Maid.

31

Do y' lock the door? you will not ravish me?

Iber. Oh no; my fair inviting Cruelty,
You will be found the Ravisher: no Law
Adjudges him a Murderer, that kills
One that provok'd him. Th' Anch'rite, who has liv'd
An Age in's Grave, remembers not his Mistress
With greater horror, than I thought of you,
Until you courted me, and blew the sparks
Of my old Love into a flame of Lust,
Which shall (as your due Punishment) consume you,
In your own Instrument of Tyranny,
Like the Designer of the Brazen Bull.

Py. Your Brazen Bull's an Ass; th' Invention of it
A Novice in my Art of Tyranny,
He tortur'd but the Body, I the Soul,
Which I know nothing more torments, than Hope
Rais'd high, and levell'd.

Iber. Do you smile?

Py. I laugh,

To see so great a Soldier fool himself
With a belief, that th' Enemy (the Traitor,
As you were graciously pleas'd to call me)
Would yield without a Summons: true it is,
To work your Hope up to a Confidence,
My white Flag I hung out, courted a Treaty,
As if I held a Fort untenable;
You'll find it Man'd, the Woman so well Man'd,
That you may sooner take *Constantinople*.

Iber. Yet valiant Madam, notwithstanding all
Your scornful Ranting in our Terms of War,
You are impolitique in your cruelty,
That to torment me sacrifice your Honour.

She catches a Knife from the Table.

Py.

Do

Py. See what protects my Honour ; if you stir,
I'll show you, what poor *Lucrece* should have done ;
My Honour shall not die before my Self.

Iber. But if you kill your self, the Prince (who knows
You sought this meeting) what will he report ?

Py. Report can neither do me good nor hurt,

[*She lays her hand on her heart.*

Here's that will justify me after death.
And know, that since *Iberio* declar'd
For Jealousie against Love, I scorn'd life :
Nor had my Soul indu'd her Glog so long,
But to convince you of Apostacy :
This made me marry a Fool, and then invite
You to this Parley, that your Eyes might give
Your Heart the Lie, when you beheld me stand
The Flatteries and Threats of him I love ;
Yet not dishonor him that I love not ;
And now, farewell to both.

Iber. Hold, more than Woman,
Heroick Lady, show one Bravery more ;
Forgive me ; next all thoughts I have of you,
I'll pluck my heart out, 'tis no heart for me,
That thinks you less than Saint.

Py. Now we are friends. [*She flings down the Knife.*

Iber. And friend, I'll tell y' a secret, kept from you,
When I was but your Servant ; I command
These men rais'd by his Holiness to serve
The State of *Venice* against the *Grand Signor* ;
They are Imbark't, this night I go aboard ;
Therefore my Love, (still you're my *Virtuous Love*)
Though it grieves me to speak-----

Py. And me to hear-----

Iber. Yet the sad word must be pronounc'd, Farewel.

Py.

The Slighted Maid.

33

Py. You shall not Farwel yet, I'll call for Cards
And hold you one hour longer.

Iber. What you please;

I am your Soldier, you command in Chief.

Py. Then play a little, to beguile our grief. [Exeunt.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Decio and Arviedo.

{ By a Lawrel-Tree is set a
Shepherds Hook, a Pipe,
and a wreath of Lawrel.

Dec. **T**He breath of Musick (Brother Lutenist)
Is Sound, which into points of Time Art breaks:
But Poetry's the Language Musick speaks.
Poetry's that Divinity of Numbers,
By which *Pythagoras* transform'd himself
Into the sev'ral Shapes of Men and Gods;
And thou, or I may do't, as well as He.

Arv. I think we may.

Dec. Behold th' Experiment,
I'm *Decio* now; but now that I take up
This Shepherds Hook, Pipe, and Poetick Lawrel,
I am *Apollo*, Shepherd to *Admetus*,
Not Herdsman: I have left his Royal Drovers
In *Thessaly*, to keep his Flocks in *Naples*.
Will *Arviedo* be my Favourite,
My *Hyacinthus*?

Arv. What must transform me?

F

Dec.

The Slighted Maid.

Dec. Poetry; a new Ode, which I've compos'd;
Sit down and hear it, 'tis *Apollo's* Song.

*Here I Pipe, here I keep
King Admetus's Sheep,
Here I gather Laurel for my Wreath:
But Apollo, where
Dost thou live? Oh not here,
Absent Lovers live not where they breath.
But my Spirit is
In a Place of Bliss,
Where'soe'er that Blessed Place may lie,
In a Garden, or a Grove,
In a Grott, or an Alcove;
Ever where my Love is, there am I.
Uncircumscrib'd thus acts the Mind,
Why should the Body be confin'd?
Swift as Thought can move,
Little God of Love
Carry me, upon thy nimble Wings,
To the top of yonder Tow'r,
Where precisely at this hour
Hyacinthus strikes his Lute and sings.
We are met, sweet Boy,
What I now enjoy
Not a God, besides myself, shall know:
Cupid, thou hast leave to play,
To thy Mother fly, and say,
That Apollo has a Heav'n below.*

Arv. You have feasted mine Ear.

Dec. I'll treat thy Eye;

The sweetest Prospect *Naples* has, I'll show thee,
The Pasture where *Apollo* feeds his Flocks,

The

The Slighted Maid.

35

*The Scene is discovered, over which in Capital Letters
is writ CAMPI ELYSII. Decio describes it thus.*

Th' *Elysian* Fields my *Hyacinthus* sees,
Those Walks are *Jessamine* and *Orange-trees*,
Beneath, a *Chrystal* River cuts the Plain,
Wherein you see those fair Trees o're again,
Close by the Flow'ry Bank, a Flock of Sheep
Feeds in a Mead; the Shepherds fast asleep;
The Shepherdesse lying arm in arm.

Arv. Is't Life? or Art?

Dec. Art Magick, hear the Charm.

*Rise, dull Sleepers, rise, how coldly
You move! Shepherds, come on boldly;
No wolf shall your Flocks indanger;
Dance and welcom this young stranger.*

[The Shepherds dance, and go off.]

Arv. I take this as a high Civility,
For which I'll thank you with a Friend's Advice;
Go to your Wife; lose her not the first day:
If she think you neglect her, she will hate you.

Dec. She cannot think it a Neglect in me
To leave her with *Iberio* and the Prince:
Can she have better company than they?

Arv. She may have safer; the Prince flies at all:
You know, my Lord *Iberio* was your Rival.

Dec. True; he and *Pyramena* were contracted
Upon Conditions (mutually agreed to)
And pr'y thee, *Arviedo*, tell me truly,
Which of our Titles dost thou think the best?

Arv. I am no competent Judge; but (questionless)
You would resolv't, before you marry'd her;

F 2

It

It must not now be question'd.

Dec. Not in publick;

But in a Court of Conscience, thou may'st be
Judge or Assistant?

Arv. How do y' mean Assistant?

Dec. I mean, if you conceive the Match unlawful,
You then may lawfully assist your Kinsman,
To Cuckold me.

Arv. Keep distance; we shall meet
As Friends no more; I am thy Enemy,
As much as thou art Enemy to Virtue;
Draw, I will fairly vindicate my Honour.

Dec. I will not fight.

Arv. Draw, or I vow to kill thee.
Ingrateful Villain, is an Infamy
All the return thou mak'st for a Friend's counsel,
Against my Kinsman's Opportunity?
I gave it, that thou might'st not be a Witall,
He an Adulterer, I a Property.
I'll talk no longer -----

Dec. Hear me, but a word.

Arv. Quick; for my Wrong call for a swift Revenge.

Dec. It needs not any; know, all I said now,
And all I did before, when I brought Gold
To work upon thy Poverty; and make thee
For thy advantage poison thy great Kinsman,
Was but to try the gallantry of thy Mind,
Which I find equal to thy outward Beaurty.

Arv. No fooling now.

Dec. If you believe me not,
Behold, I put my life into your hands.

} *Decio delivers*
} *up his sword.*

Arv. I must believe th'Innocence of that face;
A thousand times better than mine-----

Dec.

The Slighted Maid.

37

Dec. Dost like it ?

Arv. Better than any face I ever saw.

Dec. It seems, thou, and my Lord *Iberio*
Are not alli'd in Judgment ; for, my Sister
(Whose heart he broke) was like me.

Arv. To preserve
So sweet a Maid, I rather would have dy'd.

Dec. Pray, wear this Ring for *Ericina's* sake ,
'Twas hers.

Arv. The Diamond is a rich Stone ,
But *Ericina's* name doubles the value.

Dec. Something from me you must accept ; I know,
You're neither Lord of Gold nor Silver-Mines.

Arv. My Ancestor did service here in *Naples* ,
Which both the *Indies* could not pay him for :
It pleas'd the King to call him into *Spain* ,
And so his Branches (at this distance) wither'd.

Dec. Here, take this Purse.

Arv. I take no Purfes, Sir ,
I am no Thief, I have more of the Merchant ,
The Money I receive I will return.

Dec. I'll show thee how to pay this Debt , and leave
Me in Arrier : get Dancers, and this Ev'ning
Make me a Serenade , 'tis onely a Round
Well-danc'd, and a short Song or two ; let's see
Thy Poetry ?

Arv. I never studi'd it ,
Yet naturally I'm a Ballet-maker ,
I'll keep your Purse, and lay out the Gold for you.

Dec. Then I've the noblest Steward in the world.

[*Exit Arviedo.*

Enter

*Enter Corbulo.**Cor.* Good e'n; what day's this?*Dec.* Sr. *Gennaro's* day,
Patron of *Naples*.*Cor.* And your Wedding-day,
I take it: here's the Bridegroom, at his Pastime,
But where's the Bride? what Sport is she at? Cards;
Who plays with her?*Dec.* The Prince.*Cor.* The Prince is gone;
My Lord *Iberio* plays with your Wife.*Dec.* I like that well-----*Cor.* And they're lock'd up; you like
That well too?*Dec.* Do you grumble at it, Slave?
Cannot my Wife be private with her Servant,
But that my Servant must take notice of it?*Cor.* Why do I wait?*Dec.* What did I hire thee for?
To be my Porter, and to guard my Wife.*Cor.* That she may take her pleasure undisturb'd?*Dec.* That she may take her pleasure undisturb'd.*Cor.* But must she take it with another man?
Cannot you, Sir, content a Wife?*Dec.* Nor you, Sir,
Nor any man in *Europe*, with one Body:
He sooner might content her with one Gown.*Cor.* Then you'll allow your Lady a Gallant?*Dec.* I hold it Husband's Duty, to provide
An Adjutant.*Cor.* Th' Opinion's new, and strange.*Dec.* 'Tis strange, that you (a Soldier) say 'tis new:
Why?

The Slighted Maid

39

Why ? Generals have Adjutants General.

Cor. This I pass over ; look I never hear,
In things of baseness that you use again
The noble name of Soldier , if I do ,
I'll lay down your Commission here, my Staff,
And cut your throat.

Dec. I thou know'st, Lieutenant, I
Love Soldiers, and have show'd my love to thee ,
Reliev'd thy wants, because thou wert a Soldier ,
A Sufferer ; trusted thee with the guard
Of my fair Wife , because thou hast the name
Of a stout Soldier ; but though I love thee ,
I do not love thy humor, mine is fooling ,
And by a Jeaster's privilege I speak
Severe things against Women , as if we
Had no *Italian* Wives but *Messalinas* ,
But I know many *Portias* , gallant Ladies ,
Whose life, and death depends upon their Husbands.
And would it thou have me jealous of my Wife ?

Cor. Sir, I would have you jealous of your Honour.

Dec. What Honour can be greater, than to see
The Ladies point at me, and call me, Mirrour
Of Marri'd men, Mirrour of Marri'd men ?

Cor. They'l point at you, and call you, what do y^e think ?

Dec. Not Cuckold ?

Cor. No, not Cuckold---

Dec. That were shameful.

Cor. But this dishonorable, They'l call you
The basest kind of Cuckold, Wittall, Sir.

Dec. How ? Wittall ? that's an ugly name indeed ,
(Now thou hast spoke to my capacity)
I'll not indure it---- but my Lord *Iberio*
May challenge me.

Cor.

Cor. Against the world, I'll be
Your Second.

Dec. I shall do brave things, I think :
Lead, Soldier ; Devil ? Wittall ? I defie thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Filomarini and Gioseppe.

Gio. Ha, ha, ha !

Fil. This Laugh promises good news.

Gio. If't be not profitable news, 'tis pleasant ;
Pray wish your old Camrade, *Peralta*, joy ;
He's marri'd to *Menanthe*.

Fil. They're well match'd,
Pirate and Cheat : the Gallies give 'em joy,
Is this the pleasant news ?

Gio. No, the sport is,
The two Cheats mean to cozen one another.

Fil. Why, sure the Pirate will not cheat his Bride ?

Gio. Ev'n of his first nights service, he's in love
With his Wife's Maid, his suppos'd Country-woman,
Your Grand-child, she has told it to your Mistris.

Fil. But when Thieves fall out, me-thinks true men might
Come by their own.

Gio. This is the pleasant news,
Fritilla hopes to cozen the two Cheats.

Enter Menanthe and Diacelia, Peralta following aloof.

Fil. See, see, the Pirate----

Gio. How he tacks about
To weather her ? he's got to Windward of her,
But the small Pinnacle to the Leau-ward, proves
The better Sailer.

Fil. Let us give 'em Sea-room. [*Exeunt Fil. & Giof.*
Mr.

The Slighted Maid.

41

Mr. Dog, Dog, Piratick Sea-dog-----

Dia. Patience, Madam,

I may mistake, believe your eyes, from his
That Pillar will obscure you.

Me. Good, good Girl.

*{ Menanthe stands behind the
Pillar and peeps.*

Per. *Fritilla*? hift, *Fritilla*; is she gone?

Dia. Her business requires haste, and so does mine.

Per. One little word with me, before you go.

Dear Country-woman, pitty a poor *Spaniard*,
Or, like a *Roman* Funeral, I shall burn
To ashes for thy love.

Dia. For love to me?

You have a Wife.

Per. Foh! a rich stinking *Jew*,
Taken into my Body-Politick;
I marri'd an Expedient, not a Wife;
Jewels and Gold I marri'd.

Me. A Rope take thee,
My Garter (*Rogue*) would serve; *Queen Joan* of *Naples*
Hang'd up her Husband in her Wedding-garter.

Per. I took a rich Jade for her wealthy Burden.

Me. Cheated directly, all the Bootie's gone;
Body and Goods I'll venture after it,
But I'll revenge me on this *Spanish* Rogue,
My Husband-*Gusman*.

Per. Smile some consolation,

[niards,

Dia. Why, *Don*, think you here's such a dearth of *Spa-*
That I must be a *Spanish* Pirate's Wench?
Our Country-Fig, a *Spanish* Fig for Pirates.

Me. Would mine had one in's guts, a *Spanish* Fig
Would cure his Itch; but he shall smart, I'll scratch him,
The merry *Greek* will claw her mangie *Don*.

G

Per.

42 *The Slighted Maid.*

Per. My Wench? I scorn it, thou shalt be my Wife.

Dia. The Church allows no man two Wives at once.

Per. True; but this Marriage is a Nullity,
Tis within the Degrees prohibited;
My Mother was a *Grecian*, and her Father
Was (I can prove it) Brother to *Menanthe*,
Th'old-woman's my Great-Aunt.

Me. O lying Rascal!

Per. But say thou wilt be mine, and 'tis enough,
I'll hire a passage for's in the *Pope's* Galley,
That's bound for *Ostia*, and I'll marry thee
(In the face of the Church, my Girl) at *Rome*.

Dia. You see I'm silent.

Per. Silence gives consent.

Dia. No Captain.

Per. Maids say no, and take it, *Jewel*;
Now I name *Jewel*, I will give *Fritilla*
All *Lugo's* Jewels.

Dia. If you keep one back,
It is no Match.

Per. A match then.

Dia. You must get
My Grand-fathers good-will. Here's your Great-Aunt.

Enter Menanthe.

Per. That we may be kept from committing Incest;
The Devil choak her; heark you, pretty one,
Lugo must not know we are marri'd, Lamb.

Me. I would he knew we were unmarri'd, Goat.

Enter Gioseppe and Filomarini.

Gio. Madam, here's my Lord *Lugo*.

Me. Call *Leandra*.

[*Exit Gioseppe.*

Enter

The Slighted Maid.

43

Enter Lugo.

Fil. The Prince is come.

Me. Wait him in, honest *Draco*.

[Exit *Fil.*]

Lug. Two thousand Pistols, Madam, I have brought you
In new-coin'd Gold.

Per. I'll give 'em to her Maid. [Peralta takes the bag.]

Me. Hey, Snap! she knows for what use they're design'd.

Per. And I know for what use your Maid's design'd.

Enter *Leandra*.

Me. My Lord, you've made a purchase of a Wife.

Lug. I've purchas'd Happiness in-to much Beauty;
But her sweetness of Obedience
And Harmony of Nature, all those Worlds
Of Musick which Divine *Pythagoras*
Plac'd in the Planets. Where's the Priest?

Enter *Salerno* and *Filomarini*,

Lean. Here's one

That looks more like the Bride-groom than the Priest.

Fil. 'Tis the Prince of *Salerno*.

[to *Leandra*.

Lug. What wind blowes
My cousin of *Salerno*?

Dia. The Prince, Madam.

[to *Leandra*.

Sal. Directed to the life by this fair Figure.

[He shows her Picture.]

Lug. Decline his courtship; slight him.

Lean. Slight a Prince?

Me. Withdraw, I pr'y thee.

Lean. Pr'y thee? pr'y thee peace,

(I never heard so simple an old Soul)

When a Prince makes his first Address, withdraw?

G 2

Me.

44 *The Slighted Maid.*

Me. I charge thee-----

Lug. Do you hear who charges you ?
Your Mother, never disobey'd.

Lean. There is
A time for all things, for my Mother too
To be advis'd better than to enjoyn
Ill manners: leave a Prince that visits me ?

Lug. Not when your Mother (that groan'd for you) bids?

Lean. I'll ask a question first; pray, Sir, how got you
My Picture ?

Sal. Madam, by a Miracle.

Me. Get y' in.

Lean. I'll stay to hear the Miracle.

Sal. Now for a Story to excuse Love's Envoy. [to Fil.

'Twas news at Court, that the great Virtuoso,

Virgetio, was come from *Rome* to *Naples*,

And had brought with him a rare Concave-glass,

Made with Art more than Mathematical,

So that upon a white Plane 'twould cast off

The Form or Species of the Man or Woman

Any one wish'd to see; to him I went

(Out of an Airy curiosity)

To see my Mistress.

Lean. And he show'd you this ?

Sal. The form by which my Servant drew this Piece.

Lean. This ? (what a Villain was the Virtuoso !)

This Mistress ? Mother, pardon----

Lug. Her first fault.

Me. Take heed, my Girl, take heed of a Relapse,
If you forget your duty any more-----

Lean. Then do not you remember such a child.

Enter.

The Slighted Maid.

45

Enter Gioseppe.

Gio. The Priest is ready.

Lug. We are ready for him.

Sal. I must beg of you---

Lean. Of me?

Lug. Hear him not.

Lean. Not hear a Prince that comes a begging to me?

I'll hear and answer: Sir, what's your command?

Sal. Madam, my fute is, that you'll please to sit for
Your Picture, and I'll send you a great Master
Shall limn it (rarely) by the life.

Lean. He shall.

Me. Daughter, he shall not.

Lean. Woman, Shall thy Men,
Those thou imploy'st: the Limner comes to me,
And I'll not have him Shall'd.

Me. Woman?

Lean. Good Woman,
Meddle with thy own Matters, good Old Woman.

Me. Th'Old Woman's Mother to my fine Young Lady,
If she be pleased to remember it.

Sal. Remember, that you are a Prince's Mistris.

Lean. A Prince's Mistris? though 'twas my Resemblance,
That Mistris could not be *Leandra's* Spirit;
I do remember, that you are my Mother,
And once again I pray to be forgiven:
But send your Picture-drawer, Sir, I'll sit,
If she were all the Mothers under th' Sun.

Fil. Go, leave the Prince to pause on't. [*to Leandra.*

Lug. Come, my Love.

[*Exeunt* Lug. Lean, Menan. & *Giof.*

Sal. She would be my Love too, but not my Mistris;

But

But, Mistress, I may Master you, I may.

Fil. You shall; in my Experience, Sir, confide,
Youth marches safe that follows an old Guide. [Exeunt.

Enter Decio and Corbulo.

Cor. Your Wife comes.

Dec. I'm grown valiant now, Lieutenant,
I'll march, but stand thou-----

Enter Pyramena.

Centre for my Captain.

[Exit Corb.

Py. My heart, I was at such a loss----

Dec. At Cards?

Py. No, I won all I play'd for: but I was
At such a Loss for want of thee----

Dec. To fool?

I know my duty, 'tis my Family-duty;
Tell me true, had'st thou ever marry'd me,
But for the noble quality of fooling,
Taking me for a Gifted man?

Py. That gift

(I must confess) brib'd me.

Dec. Th' Acknowledgment

Is most ingenuous; at another time,
I'll be as free with thee, and tell thee why
I marry'd thee.

Py. Will you not tell me now?

[you?

Dec. Now you shall tell me, who play'd at Cards with

Py. None but my Lord *Iberio* and I play'd.

Dec. Who waited?

Py. No body.

Dec. No Page?

Py. No Page.

Dec.

The Slighted Maid.

47

Dec. No Groom?

Py. No Groom; I tell you no body.

Dec. What, not your Woman?

Py. Not my Woman: lack,

How your tongue runs!

Dec. If any man, but I,

Be private with my Wife, is't for her Honour?

Py. Is Honour treated of, by your small Poets?

Do y' find it among Gods and Goddeffes?

Pray tell me, what's our Honour? or Dishonour?

Dec. What's th' Honour or Dishonour of a Wife?

'Tis at her death (when clear unbyas'd Truth

Takes th' Inventory of her Vice and Virtue)

The Total Sum, th' Account which Fame gives of her.

Py. How? this is sense; these are not Parot's words:

This Husband is no Engin, but a Man,

A jealous Man; I shall love Jealousie,

If it awake his Soul. I'll try him further:

[*aside.*

But how gets Fame her good and bad Reports?

Dec. Of th'eating and the drinking mouths, our Servants:

We must be careful of our Credit (Love)

Unless he mean to be our Servants Slaves.

Py. Kifs me; you shall find fault with me no more,

Henceforth I will be jealous of my self.

Dec. How e're you take it, it concerns you most;

If you miscarry in your Honour, I

Shall (like a Merchant broke by his misfortune)

Be pitt'y'd; but my Wife will be despis'd.

Py. What will this Man prove? what shall I say to him?

Ibervio never was alone with me,

But by my Maids I made your Men believe 't,

To put the sense of Honour into you.

Now you deserve my Love, kifs me again.

Py.

48 *The Slighted Maid.*

Dec. Here's a new Wedding on th'old Wedding-day ;
VVere the Mask ready-----

Enter Corbulo.

Cor. Sir, a kind of Mask
Is brought you (these hard words stick in my throat)

Enter Arviedo.

They call't a Srenade, here's the Presenter.

Dec. My *Arviedo* ; welcome ; 'tis apparent,
Thou wilt not fail thy friend in great Ingements ,
VVho art so punctual in a promis'd trifle.

Arv. The man that is not in th' Enimies pow'r ,
Nor fetter'd by Misfortune, and breaks promise ,
Degrades himself, he never can pretend
To Honour more.

Dec. Thou art the Soul of Honour.

*Enter the Evening (in a Crown of Shadow'd Stars , and a
Cloudy Vest with some small Stars upon it)
brought in by two VVinds.*

VVhat's here ? if th' *Evening* (as I fancy it)
Could take a VISIBLE form , this would be ours ,
A gloomy *Evening*, suddenly brought in
By two *winds*.

Arv. You guess right, 'tis so intended.
Madam, I onely beg you'l pardon me ,
If you will, he must, for 'twas his Injunction. [*they sit.*
Flajolets play a far off.

Song in Dialogue.

Evening. *I am an Evening dark as Night ,
Jack-with-the-Lantern bring a Light----*

Jack.

Jack. *Whither, whither, whither?* [*within.*

Evening. *Hither, hither, hither.*

Jack. *Thou art some prattling Eccho, of my making.*

Evening. *Thou art a Foolish Fire, by thy mistaking:*

I am the Evening that creates thee.

Enter Jack in a black Suit border'd with *Glow-worms*, a
Coronet of Shaded Beams on his head, over it a
Paper Lantern with a Candle in't.

Jack. *My Lantern and my Candle waits thee.*

Evening. *Those Flajolets that we heard play,
Are Reapers who have lost their way;
They Play, they Sing, they Dance a-Round,
Lead them up, here's Faery-ground.*

Chorus.

*Let the Men ware the Ditches;
Maids, look to your Breeches,
we'll scratch them with Briars and I hisles:
when the Flajolets cry,
we are a-dry;*

Pond-water shall wet their whistles.

[*Exeunt Evening, Winds, & Jack.*

Dec. Does *Pyramena* know this Dancing Lantern?

Py. The *Ignis Fatuus* I suppose; some call it

Jack-with-the-Lantern, some, will with the wisp; [*Clowns*
'Tis th' *Evening's False Light*, which leads stumbling
(O're Moors and Marshes) into Bogs and Pits.

The Violins and Flajolets play.

Jack leads in the Reapers, the Men in their Half-
Shirts and Linnen Drawers, the Maids in Straw-
H
Hats,

The Slighted Maid.

Hats, they stumble, and their Sickles fall into the Scene.

They Dance in Figures.

At the end of the first Dance *Jack* leads them out, and once or twice they thread the doors after him, then they take hands, compass in *Jack*, Dance a Round, and Sing

Buff's a fine Sport,
And so's Course o'-Park;
But both come short
Of a Dance in the Dark.
We trip it completely,
The Pipe sounds so neatly:
But that which surpasses
Is the breath of the Lasses,
O the pretty Rogues kiss featly.

[*Jack runs away, and leaves them to stumble out in the dark.*

Arv. Now if the Bride and Bride-groom's patience
 Be not tormented with my Poetry----

Dec. Profels 'tis well, 'tis natural, it suits

This cloudy *Evening*: in a little time

Thou'lt make as pretty a Poet as my self.

I'll pay my thanks in Coin of the same Stamp,

You shall see th'Practice of my Mask; I hope,

Love, you'll be pleas'd?

Py. With any thing of yours.

Dec. That's the sweet Close to *Arviedo's* Musique;

Th'expression of your love tuncloadds the *Evening*;

What greater blessing can from Heav'n descend?

Decio is happy in a Wife and Friend.

[*Exeunt.*

Actus

ACTUS Quartus.

Enter Decio and Corbulo.

Cor. **I** *Talians* are the Prodigies of Malice ;
No People under Heav'n, nor Fiends in Hell ,
Out-do us in the plotting our Revenges ;
But a Design like yours I never heard of ,
Nor could believe it possible in Nature.

Yet, for Humanitie's sake, stop your progress.

Dec. Disswade me not, I'm deaf to intercession.

Cor. I know, 'twill grieve your soft Soul, when 'tis done ;
Then how much better were it, not to do it ?

Dec. If the Train I have laid, would spring a Mine
To blow up *Naples*, I'd give fire and perish.

Cor. Spare me.

Dec. How ?

Cor. I desire to be excus'd ,
Corbulo will not act in't.

Dec. But he shall ;
Thou hast my Secret, and I have thy Oath :
Dispute not, execute.

Cor. Well, then I must.
But you'll curse th' Instrument.

Dec. The hand Divine
Moves such an Instrument ; the hand of Justice
Squares Punishment adequate to th' Offence ;
Despair for Scorn is but due Recompence.
My Lord *Iberio's* with his Regiment
And *Arviado* gone aboard, to take

H 2

Leave

Leave of his Kinsman, then the youth returns
 To my house, be you sure you let him in,
 My Wife may send *Arviedo* for *Iberio*.
 Leave me, when I stamp thus, bring in thy Message.
 [Exit Corbulo.]

Enter Pyramena.

They danc'd not ill?

Py. Rarely well. Dear, your promise;

Why did you marry me?

Dec. Guess.

Py. For my Fortune?

Dec. No, not for Money. Guess again.

Py. For Love?

Dec. Not for Love neither; thou art a base Gueffer;
 But I'll resolve thee. I did marry thee
 (As th'ill-fac'd woman's Husband was made Cuckold)
 For spite.

Py. Ha, ha----

Dec. I'm glad it makes you merry.

Why, thou more fool than thou imagin'dst me,
 What Worm trepan'd thee, boar'd quite through thy skull
 Into thy dull brains, to think *Decio*
 Would feed upon Reversions of a Mistress:
 A Mistress to my mortal Enemy,
 My Sister's Murderer, *Iberio*?

Py. I doubt----

Dec. Do'st but doubt? Bondmaid, know thy Lord.
 At our last Conference, I cast off my Clowd,
 My Property, the Droll; now I appear
 My self, a stern *Venetian*, principled
 Out of old *Machiavel*---- When I marri'd thee,
 I marri'd (my dear Sister) thy Revenge.

Py.

The Slighted Maid

53

Py. How miserable have I made my self!

Dec. To make me happy; I have scap'd the Wheel
By marrying thee, I'd been broke every bone,
Had I done that I came to *Naples* for,
Poison'd *Iberio* any way but this-----
I triumph in the ruines of his Love,
His Sovereign is my Slave, my hated Slave.

Py. But how have I transgress'd? in punishing
Me for him, are you just?

Dec. No, I am cruel:

All high Revenges must dispense with Justice.
If I had to my End no other way,
But like a Witch to violate the Grave
Of my (now blessed) Sister *Eriçina*,
Who for her love to false *Iberio* dy'd,
I would break up her hallow'd Marble; tear
Her Sear-cloth; scatter her sweet Bones; and cast
Her dust in's face to blast him.

Py. O my heart!

Dec. I would not have it broke, till it be bruiz'd;
Until, by slow (but Sensible) degrees,
I break the Idol which my Enemy worships.
I know, your Hearts are like two Lutes rack'd up
To the same pitch, and when I touch but one
The other (by mysterious Sympathy)
Will (though at distance) answer Note by Note,
With the same dying sound; and that's the Musique
My heart so longs to hear. [*he Stamps.*

Enter Corbulo.

Cor. A Messenger,
Sent from the *Venice* Paquet-boat, desires
That you'll come to the Port, he says, the Searchers

Have

The Slighted Maid.

Have seiz'd your Trunk.

Dec. Think, like a Soul in Flames,
Think and torment thy self, till I return,
And finish my great work. You are all arm'd?

Cor. Ready, when you say, Strike; but--- yet I've sworn,
Therefore I'll do it.

Enter Arviedo.

Dec. *Arviedo's* come;

I hope, she'll send him for *Iberio*.

Arv. Madam, look up, you shall not be thus us'd
By a base man (how was I couzen'd in him!)
I've heard all, I'll call him to an account.

Py. But is my Lord *Iberio* gone aboard,

Arv. An hour since, but the Fleet rides still at Anchor;
I'll take a Boat, and tell him how 'tis with you;
I know he'll come.

Py. And let me speak with him,
Before you call *Decto* to an account:
But let him bring no Soldiers, lest the Porter
Shut up the Gates; Dear *Arviedo*, go.

Arv. Would I could fly.

Py. Hast thou not wings conceal'd?
Thou look'st like my Good-Angel,

Arv. I had need
To borrow both his Vigilance and Speed.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Filomarini and Peralta.

Fil. The greatest honour *Draco's* Family
Yet ever had, is, that Captain *Peralta*
(The Glory and the Terror of our Nation)
Has a mind to my Grand-child.

Per. Oh! she's pretty.

Fil.

The Slighted Maid.

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Fil. Prettiness it self I wish her, for your sake.

Per. She's all that can be wish'd; I've hir'd a Passage,
The Master of his Holiness's Gally,
Will land us in St. Peter's Patrimony,
We'll straight to *Rome*, there I'll marry *Fritilla*.

Fil. But your old Wife must be left here in *Naples*.

Per. Against the next Siege: for when Ammunition
Is spent, she may do service; the old woman
Will make rare Gun-powder, she's pure Salt-peter.

Fil. I have been i'th' blind Alley, old fat *Joan*
Melts her grease for you, she has made your bed
In your old Chamber.

Per. Careful Grand-father,
I shall requite thy pains.

Fil. You'll find me honest:
I hope you'll find my Granchild honest too,
I mean not of her Body, (as for that,
You, that must be her Husband, may dispose it)
But honest of her Mind your new Bride must be.
By Nature, by my Copie; I dare swear
That to redeem me (if I were in pawn)
She would not rob y^e of any of the Jewels
(Which you have promis'd to intrust her with)
Yet if she would she cannot.

Per. For i'th' Street
I march with my sweet Pris'ner in my hand,
And at my Chamber fold her in my arms.

Fil. Are you so hot? she has a Julip for you,
Your old Wife shall cure your Concupiscence.

Per. But to my business, Grand-father, The Prince
Offers not at this breathing Shrine, *Leandra*,
And there's no waiting for uncertain hopes;
Besides I fear my Lord *Filomarini*

May

May come unlook'd for ; I'll pack up my free-boot ;
Remember an hour hence , in the close Walk.

Exit Peralta. [Wax Lights on the Table.

Enter Salerno, Leandra, Menanthe, Lugo, and Diacelia.

Sal. All friends , all friends ; hang Fears and Jealousies.
I (*Cosen*) that came to your house this morning ,
To give your other Bride , that was my Mistress ,
I will not stick at giving of *Leandra*.

Lean. Pray hold your hand, my Mother will give me.

Dia. What means *Leandra* ? [*Men. and Lean. whisper.*

Fil. As you do, to follow

Her Guardian's advice ; and yet she needs not
My Precepts , Nature has instructed her :
Madam, be confident, she'll demean her self
As it becomes a Daughter to your Father.

Me. Take her, Son ; finely put off the Fool *Lugo*.

Lean. You must not then be angry, if I rant
As well at you as him.

Me. I will not , Child.

Lean. Then I'll spare neither. *Diacelia* now [*to Dia.*
Shall see me do a younger Sister's duty ,
Cashier your Bride-groom. Mother-Midnight, take
Your Son-in-law and marry him your self ;
You may as well obey me, as I you :
I disclaim you for Mother, him for Husband.

Lug. Have I with all those thousands purchas'd this ?
What reason have you for disowning me ?

Lean. What reason had you to disown a Princess ?

Lug. Would not you be a Princess ?

Lean. If I were,
This Antient Gentlewoman (that presumes
To call her self my Mother) should be rack'd

So

The Slighted Maid.

57

So long, till she confess'd her self to be
My step-mother ; for could a Natural Mother
Betray her Child to one that has no Honour
But title ?

Lug. Blind Love, thou art off my heart :
And now with open eyes I see my folly.
Were your Ambition pleas'd, were you a Princess,
Were you an Angel, since the Devil's in you,
I would not marry you. I'll find a Wife
That's not a wicked Daughter.

Lean. Do, go home,
'Tis time you ask forgiveness of your Bride.

Lug. You, of your Mother ; but I'll pardon neither,
Both shall hear from me, th'old Cheat, and young Ranter.
[*Exit Lugo.*

Dia. So, so ; my Game plays well.

Me. Now he's shak'd off,
My Child puts on her old Obedience :
And on your Highness freely I bestow
(To be commanded what you please) my Daughter.

Lean. Thy Daughter ? do'st thou in good earnest think
Thy self my Mother ?

Me. What think'st thou ?

Lean. I know,
By my own Truth, my Mother was no Lier ;
I know, by my Integrity, my Mother
Could be no Cheat ; and by my Modesty
I know my Mother was no Bawd, which you
Would be to the Prince ; or else (virtuous Madam)
I should not be commanded what he pleases.

Me. Wretch, thou wilt break thy aged Mother's heart.

Lean. Through her Ear ; heark you, Beldam.

Me. Sure the Devil

I

Is

58 *The Slighted Maid.*

Is her Intelligencer ; 'tis high time
To shift for one, the Rogue will give's the slip.
Let's go, *Fritilla*; Murd'rer of thy Mother,
Hear my last words, I leave thee to the Prince.

[*Exeunt Men. & Dia.*]

Sal. You hear your Mother ? she leaves you to me,
By her Will Paroll, and that is as good
To all intents of Law, as 'twere in Writing;
Besides, you're left to the wide world, no fortune,
But that foretold me by the Virtuoso-----

Lean. That I should be your Mistress ? that's your Servant,

[*She takes up one of the wax-candles.*]

Servant of Pleasure, put me into waiting,
Pray let me light you to your Bed-chamber ?

[*Exit Filomarini.*]

Sal. By no means ; I (your Servant) will light you.

Lean. The Taper better suits my Fortune, Sir ;
And 'tis discretion, ere I do the Fault,
To practise how the Penance will become me.

Sal. You cannot think, you have so base a Servant
As would see 'his Mistress do a publique Penance ;
Should my Lord-Cardinal here, and the whole College
Of Cardinals at *Rome*, joyn to disgrace thee,
I'd have a Rendevouz of all my Friends,
And meet them in the head of a brave Army,
To beat them into more Civility.
Set down the Taper.

Lean. Not till I have found-----

Sal. You have lost nothing (to my knowledge) yet :
What do you look for ?

Lean. A room dark enough
To cover a Maid's blushes.

Sal. As I live,

The

The Slighted Maid.

59

The prettiest humor'd Mistress i'th' whole world.
Why, do you look for darkness with a Light?
I'll blow it out----

Lean. You may extinguish this;
But who can blow out those, the Lights of Heav'n?
The Stars still see us.

Sal. When we see not them?
If you mean the great Room, the Skie; 'tis dark,
Not one Star there.

Lean. Nor any Witness here?

Sal. Let's search the Chamber-----

Lean. Search the Closet first,
Your Bosome; whoso'er contracts a guilt,
Carries a cloud of Witnesses in his bosome.

Sal. Her other Fits were Natural, she's now
In her Divine Fit.

Lean. Has he got no feeling? *[aside.*
No sense of Honour, in a Man of Honour?
You grow so dull, I see, you'd be at rest,
And you'll not let me usher you: good-night.

Sal. Wou't cross thy Fortune?

Lean. No, your Virtuoso
Is not so good, as I, at Fortune-telling;
I'm rare at Physiognomie, I see
My Fortune, wanton Prince, in your proud looks;
You think me too unworthy for a Wife,
And I know, I'm too worthy for a Mistress.
Again, Good-night.

Sal. Ask any thing but Marriage-----

Lean. Any thing else I scorn, as you scorn me.
Good-night for ever.

Sal. There's a Passing-bell-----
No Composition?

Lean. Not your Prince's Crown,
I'd rather carry a Milk-pail on my head. [Exit *Lean*.]

Sal. VVell, go thy way, no Mean man got that Spirit;
If't be her own air, not an humour put
Into her by th'old Knave, in hope I'll marrie her,
And then her grateful hand must feed th' old Begger
VVith my Gold; I've a VVay to find the Plot,
And if't be his, I'll cut off the Projector.

Enter Filomarini.

Draco? [*Sal. draws his Sword.*]

Fil. Congratulates your Victorie,
Nay, your Sword, Sir, never made such a Conquest.
Is she not inimaginable Sweetness
You have enjoy'd?

Sal. I made her a fair offer.

Fil. She took it?

Sal. Sooner she'd have taken Ratsbane.

Fil. You mean not to kill her, for being honest?

Sal. But I mean to kill thee, for being a Knave,
Old lying Tempter: did'st not thou suggest
The sweetness of her Disposition,
Her Mildness, Innocence, Obedience?

Fil. Sir, you're a Prince of Famous Memory,
Those were my words, and I remember yours,
Let none corrupt her Virtues but my self:
You wish'd her Virtuous, that you onely might
Have the debauching of her, I have done
What you commanded; if she disobey you,
Because she's virtuous must I lose my life?

Sal. Shall not I sheath my Sword in that Man's breast,
Who has into my bosome flung Fire, Wild-fire,
Not to be quench'd but either in thy blood,

Or

The Slighted Maid.

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Or her fruition ; there's no third way ? yes ,
I'll marry her.

Fil. (So cunning) Kill me first ;
I would not live, to see your Highness marry
The Daughter of a Cheat.

Sal. Live, *Draco*, live
High in our favour, I suspected thee
To have a plot upon me, had I found
Thy hand in't, the whole Earth should not have sav'd thee :
I will not lose thee now for the King's *Indies*.

Fil. And shall you lose th'injoyment of *Leandra* ?
Shall such a Prince languish for such a Toy,
That's now at my disposal ? to be plain,
The Cheat, her Mother ; and Sea-Thief, her Husband ,
Having rookt your poor Love-sick Cosen, *Lugo* ,
Are fled away, *Leandra* left to me ,
But I've a Spie upon them , they will lodge
With the fat *Naples*-Hostess, at old *Joan's* :
Sign me your Warrant, I'll bring to your Palace
The Cheats to morrow morning, but this night
Leandra to your bed.

Sal. Come, I'll dispatch thee ,
And when 'tis done, I'll give thee a thousand Crowns.

Fil. And if I do't not, cut my throat in earnest. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Menanthe , Joan , and Gioseppo ,
with a Dark-Lantern.*

Me. Joan, hast thou courage to abuse *Peralta* ?

Joan. Imbolden'd with your Sack (for I have drunk
[to Giof.]

A pottle of your bounty) I'll so fool
The Knave your Husband into honesty ,
That he shall stumble over his young Mistress ,

And

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And fall upon's old Wife.

Gio. Thou wilt be famous
For this night's work.

Joan. This night, I will recover
The credit of good women of my bulk;
Rogues sha'nt say, all fat Hostesses are Bawds.

Gio. Me-thinks, this merry Monster should cheer you;
Why do you cry? for your ungracious Child?

M. No truly, (I've made my best of her) I cry
To think that I should marry such a Villain.

Gio. You your self being such an innocent creature?

Me. Send us good luck, for the night's foul and dark.

Gio. The fitter for our knavery. They stay long;

Enter Filomarini.

Here comes the Captain? no, 'tis Captain Drake.

Fil. Captain Peralta's at my heels; stand close.

Gio. Hush, and the old Grey Cat shall catch her Mouse.
That nibbles at a young delicious Maid.

You'l have a sweet night, for he's high and hot.

Me. I'll cool him with a Robbery, though I die for't.

*Enter Peralta with a Dark-Lantern in one hand, leading
Diacelia in the other, she wears the Coronet
and knot of Diamonds.*

Dia. Well, Captain, you are a complying Captain,
To trust me with these Jewels, nothing else
Could have made me trust my self in your hands:
But now I'll follow you by Sea and Land,
In Peace and War, I'll fight too.

Per. O brave Girl!

Dia. You've made me brave, the Master will mistake
My Coronet for *Ariadne's* Crown,

And

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The Slighted Maid.

63

And in this knot of Diamonds find a Pole
To sail by, this dark night.

Per. Here is th' *Ostia*,
We are landed at old *Joan's* : Shipwrack'd i'th' Harbour ?
*Filomarini and Gioseppe break their hands and
catch up Peralta's Lantern. Gioseppe and
Joan put Menanthe's hand into Peralta's :
Diacelia laying her cheek to Menanthe's,
speaks to Peralta as if he held her by the hand.*

My *Lantern* gone ? *Fritilla* ?

Dia. Here, Sir, here.

Per. 'Twas happie we were come to this blind Alley,
The Streets are laid for me, I durst not call
At any other house. *Joan, Joan, why Joan ?*

Joan. Sure I do hear Captain *Peralta's* voice ?
Heigh-ho.

Per. Why dost thou sigh, and speak so faintlie ?

A Light, *Joan* ?

Joan. O good Captain, I beseech you
Name not a Light. That ever I was born
To see the Light of Heaven !

Per. Would I could see't,
For 'tis as dark as Hell.

Joan. Hell's a sweet place,
If it be dark.

Per. What, is the Devil in thee ?

Joan. Not in me ; but the Devil's in my Husband,
He's run stark staring mad, and plays the Devil
When he sees any Light, Sir : he struck out
My eldest Daughter's Eyes, because he said
They sparkled : and my Nose was almost levell'd.
(Pray feel, I wear a Patch) because 'twas tipr,
Onely a little sprinkled with my Bottle,

And

64 *The Slighted Maid.*

And he cri'd, 'twas a-fire.

Per. Then you've no fire ?

Joan. Nor Candle, Sir, Glow-worm, nor Rotten wood,
Nor any thing that shines, besides my Nose,
(And that's under a Clowd) but, Captain, you
Know th'old way to your Bed.

Per. I'll lead thee, Dear.

Joan. Is not your Rundlet of Sack well bestow'd ?

[*to Gioseppe.*

Gio. Would 'twere a Hogshcad for thee, old Shee-Bully.

Per. Why com'st not on ?

Dia. Oh softly ; the raw Air

Has made my Head ake, as 'twould flie to pieces,
And talking makes it worse : sweet Captain, ask
No Questions, for then I'm oblig'd to Answer ;
But quietlie to bed.

Per. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt Per. & Men. Gio. & Joan.*

Dia. Grand-father, you must watch the *Greek* Impostress,
Or else she'l carrie away the Bag of Gold ;
I go a Bride-groom-catching ; my old Servant,
The Prince shall help me.

Fil. And the Gold shall meet thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Pyramena.

Py. A Woman, sure, has two Souls, the one Noble,
Th'other Base, and I've lost my Noble Soul,
Or else could *Pyramena* (that scorn'd life
This morning) now at night fear, like a Child,
The Bug-bear we call Death ? say he should come,
Death onely comes with terrour to the Happie,
To me he brings a Blessing, begg'd in vain
By thousands, which, like me, have need to die ;

Alas !

The Slighted Maid.

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Alas ! Death hears not, when the Wretched cries :
But I've more need to live, that I may get
A pardon for a Sin ; but little less
Than Perjury, and yet I saw it not
(Ev'n when it pull'd down ruine on my head) :
So long as Spleen and Self-will blinded me,
Till Misery open'd my eyes : and now
I shall not see his face that would forgive me ?

Enter Iberio in his Gorget ; Arviedo following.

How I belie my Happiness ! he's here ;
Oh ! O Iberio, [*She kneels.*

Iber. Fic, Pyramena,
Why do you kneel to me ?

Py. I must not rise,
Till you pronounce my pardon.

Iber. For what fault ?
Py. You speak, as if I would out-face it still ;

For the most foul of all faults, breach of Faith,
For passing to another Man your Right,

Your *Pyramena*.
Iber. Rise, I pardon thee.

Py. But will Iberio love me ?
Iber. As a Friend.

Py. Not as a Wife ?
Iber. You are another's now :

You know I've forfeited my Right in you.
Py. In my own words most justly I am answer'd.

Peace of Soul, all Delights that make Life sweet,
Be with you.

Iber. Stay, there's something in thy Eyes
That makes thy wishes ineffectual ;

Thou look'st wild.
K *Py.*

Py. Why should you concern your self
How I look? do you think *Pyreas* car'd
How *Dido* look'd, when she saw him Imbark?

Ibe. The Clay a Lover's made of, will not mould
A Politician; I can bend my brow
No longer. 'Tis thy Wedding-night, and yet
Not Bed-time: thou art still unrouch'd.

Py. A Virgin.

Ibe. Then thou art mine. I will put in my Claim
At *Rome*; the Court, the Rota, must declare
Us Man and Wife; thither I'll send the Case
By the *Pope's* Galley, which to morrow morning
Leaves the Fleet, and Tacks off for *Ostia*.
To give our Holy Father an account
Of our *Venetian* Levies; till we have
The Judgment of the Court, we'll live in *Candy*.

Arv. Talk, when you're safe out of this dangerous place.
Madam, I can fry you with a disguise.

Ibe. No, *Pyramena*, boldly show your face,
For if the Porter question us, I'll kill him.

Iberio draws, as he leads off *Pyramena*, *Cor-
búlo* and *Vindex* enter with *Fire-locks* in
their hands.

Cor. The Porter stands as fair to shoot your Lordship,
Unless you yield (and presently) to mercy;
We give no quarter.

Ibe. Villain, shoot.

Py. Hold, Soldier;
Since I see my perfidious Crime against
This Lord, must have Expiatory blood,
Kill me.

Cor. You shalt be talkt withall anon:
Will you lay down your sword? 'tis your last Summons.

Ibe.

The Slighted Maid 67

Ibe. My Sword was made for no base hand. I die
Thus, like a Soldier: die thou, like a Murderer,
Broke on the Wheel.

Py. Hold, Oh hold! By these Tears,
By your recover'd love I conjure you
Yield to your cruel Fortune, nor to them
Yield, or they shoot me.

She runs to Ibero, flings down his sword, and exposes her breast for his.

Ibe. Thou art safe. There, Slaves, [he flings down his sword.
'Tis she that has disarm'd me.

Enter Decio.

Dec. Now, a man
May bid my Lord welcome, (without a Dance)
To's own, not his Wife's House; and loving Wife
(Whether you are his Wife, or mine) you shall
Embrace no more; bind both their arms; and bear 'em

[*Cor. and Vindex bind the three Prisoners.*
To th' place of Execution.

Ibe. What death?

Dec. Such notice as thou gav'st my murder'd Sister
Of that base Robbery, when thou stol'st thy self
From her at Venice, I mean to give thee
Of the Intrigue of her Revenge. But know,
Before she di'd, I promis'd *Erinna*
To kill thee in the Joys of thy new Love;
Therefore when you and *Pyramena* quarrel'd,
I held my hand, forbore to poison you,
And from her Hatred to your Jealous Nature,
Won her to marry me or my Free humour;
Then gave you way to reconcile your selves,
That so I might get you into my power.
Go thou, and marry her in the other world.

Bear 'em to death.

Vin. Let him; I will not stir,
Unless 't be to unbind them.

Dec. Dar'st thou talk?

Vin. Freelier yet; set them at Liberty,
Or I'll unriddle You: did not these hands
Bury the Body of-----

Cor. Brav'd by a Slave? } *Corbulo disarms Vindex, and*
 } *offers to knock out his brains.*

Dec. Hold thy hand, *Corbulo*; *Vindex*, hear thy doom,
Die; or be honest, and live rich and free.

Vin. Life's sweet, when handsomely accommodated;
Give me my Tools again, and let's to work.

Ibe. Corners, that rise and shine a while like Stars,
Will down again and stink: Slaves will be Slaves.

Dec. See their last Draught prepar'd, as I directed.

Py. Spit out thy Poison now for both of us.

Dec. I'll satisfy your longing.

Ibe. *Arviedo*,

Discover thy self to him; when he hears
Thy name, 'twill shake the bloody Butcher's Knife
Out of his hand.

Arv. No, my Lord, I will never
Owe my life to your Murd'rer; 'tis my glory
I die with you, whose bounteous hand has kept me
Thus long alive.

Ibe. Thou hast the old Man's Soul;
Had I his Sword-----

Dec. It should save none of you;
Yet I've a private kindness for the Youth,
I'll bring him to a Priest before he dies;
But no Sword shall redeem him from these arms.
My long-mock'd Fury, like an Army's rage

That

That storms a Town, shall spare no Sex, nor Age. [*Exeunt.*]

Actus Quintus.

Enter Peralta in his Night-gown.

Per. **B** Less me ! (that's more than I have said this sev'n
years)

Come out old Hag , was 't you that cast the Mist
Before my eyes ?

*Enter Mcnanthe, a Sword in her right hand,
in her left the Bag of Gold.*

Me. Yes, Captain-Coxcomb, I ;
I, brave Sea-Captain, I remov'd the Lights
Out of your Admiral : I rais'd the Fog
Wherein my Man of War was lost, and all
The Gold aboard him shipwrack'd, I left nothing
To keep poss'sion for him, not a Cat
To spit Fire : but could'st thou not see the Beacons ?

[*She points to her eyes.*]

Per. Fire will take those eyes, Witch, when thou art
burn'd,
They're now as dark as these rooms yester-night.
Well, Night-mare, you have had your pleasure of me,
You do not mean to rob me ?

Me. Keep off, Captain,
And do not you fore-speak me ; for I mean
To rob thee of this Gold, and pay my self,
Like Wenches that have wit, for my Night's lodging ;
Once in my life I'll make prize of a Pirate.
Advance, and if I kill thee not, hang me.

Per. Let me die, if I do n't begin to love
Thy wit and spirit above all young flesh ;
Thou art an old Virago..

Me.

The Slighted Maid.

Me. I have wit
And courage enough, Captain, to keep thee
From any more embraces.

Per. Nay, then be
Incredulous at thy peril, twice that Gold
Will never purchase such a Bed-fellow.

Me. If there were any truth in such a Husband,
I like thee for a Bed-fellow, but-----

Per. No but,
Wu't have me swear?

Me. Hast thou not sworn and broke?

Per. An Oath for Form-sake merely; Matrimony
Is sworn of course; but now I'll marry thee
The Sea-way, as the Duke of Venice marries
The Gulf, make all that Gold into a Ring,
And cast it into thee.

Me. Explain your self.

Per. That is, first, as the true Proprietor
I'll take the plunder to my self, and then
Return thee All.

Me. Swear.

Per. As I hope to scape
Being trufs'd up at the Main-yard, I'll do't. [thee.

Me. There's Gold and Sword; and now I hope I please

Per. And I'll perform with thee, as the old Romans
Did with *Tarpeia*, who betray'd for Gold
The Capitol: thou shalt have the full Agreement,
All, Gold and Sword?

Me. You will not?

Per. Pray, or curse,
For to the Pot thou go'st.

Me. Then you're a Rogue.

Per. Did you doubt that? thus I resolve thee.

Me. Help!

Enter

The Slighted Maid

71

Enter Officers, Filomarini and Gioseppe, the Officers seize Peralta and Menanthe, Gioseppe takes the bag of Gold.

Fil. Fight with your Wife? fie, the Prince of Salerno
Would speak with you; look to your Prisoner,
He catches at your Bills; I tell thee, Captain,
The Prince will onely speak, not fight with thee.

Per. Nay, if I must not fight, I will not speak,
The torture shall not get out one word more.

Fil. Thou hast the Bag?

Gio. Yes, the whole Cheat's recover'd.

Enter Salerno and Lugo.

Sal. Then thou art cheared, Cosen?

Lug. Almost ruin'd.

Sal. I would not credit the Report, but now
That you confirm it, I am satisf'd:
That's all my business.

Lug. You are too Noble
To send for me to scorn my wants, I hope
You summon me to better my condition.

Sal. On easie terms.

Lug. But I have nothing left
To make terms out of.

Sal. Is your Bride lost too?

Lug. Suppose she were not; think you, I would make
Terms out of Her?

Sal. Cosen, you do not love her,
That's publick: were it then ill mov'd, to wish
You would resign her to me, your near Kinsman,
Who lov'd her first? 'tis to give me your trouble;
But if you please, sell me your Title to her;
To better your Condition, take my Title

To

To the fair House and Lordship (which you know)
Near *Foro del Volcane*.

Lug. I am poor,
But ere my poverty be wrought upon
To make a sale of Love, I'll live: A Prince---

Sal. Stay, I perceive I move on a wrong ground,
I took't for granted that you lov'd her not.

Lug. I was so far from loving (once to day)
That nothing was more odious to my heart
Than *Diacelia*.

Sal. What has alter'd you?

Lug. The lovely Face with the deformed Mind,
Leandra; her Impiety reflected
Th' Angelical Form of *Diacelia's* Virtues;
Nor is the odds so great between their Beauties,
Bating the lustre of the *Candian* Habit,
Leandra stains not *Diacelia*.

Sal. And now you would enjoy her?

Lug. Rather her
Than all the Earth.

Sal. And, Cosen, you shall have her,
She plotted this Examination for you;
Appear sweet Princess *Diacelia*.

Enter Diacelia in her Veil.

Lug. Dear, can you pardon?

Dia. Can you love?

Lug. For ever.

[*Sal.* Takes off her Veil and discovers the Jewels.

Sal. Behold part of your Fortune.

Enter

The Slighted Maid.

73

Enter Officers, Prisoners, and Gioseppe, who holds up the Bag, and pulls off his false Beard.

Gio. The rest's here :

And here's an honest Spie, *Gioseppe*, Master
Of the Ship, which to *Naples* brought from *Candy*
You, Madam, and my Lord *Filomarini* ,
By whose command I put to Sea again ,
Pursu'd the *Greek Cheat* to *Constantinople* ,
Gave her intelligence that a Renegado
Meant to inform against her, for imbezling
Her Master the Prince of *Bulgaria's* Jewels ,
Which did by right of Conquest appertain
To the Great *Turk* : for this Lie she receiv'd me
Into her Service : working on her Fears
To *Genoa* I drew her , tic'd her thence
With Golden Hopes to *Naples*. What say'st , Cheat,
To prodigal *Neopolitans* ?

Me. I say ,

The hopes of prodigal *Neopolitans*
Could never have got me to bring *Leandra*
To *Naples*, but that you in your Disguise
With your new *Spanish* name *Hosepe* (tricks
I dream'd not off) fool'd me into belief,
That you your self and my Lord *Filomarini*
Were out at Sea upon a second Voyage
To *Turky* in pursute of me, and thus
You cheated me as well as I did you ,
And being quit, I hope you'll pardon me.

Gio. The Chest of Damask (which you robb'd me of ,
When you fled out of *Candy*) I forgive thee ;
That onely was injury to my self ,
But, Cheat , you know , there's a great injur'd person-----

L

Enter

*Enter Filomarini.**Fil.* The Party's come.*Sal.* The thousand Crowns are thine ; [*Exit Fil.*
Bring her in : bid th' Officers leave the room.[*Exeunt Officers and Prisoner.**Gio.* Clear the room there ; my Lord, you and the
Princess

May tarry, for you'll find your selves concern'd.

*Enter Filomarini, he gives Leandra to the Prince.**Fil.* Leandra's yours.*Sal.* Had you not better been
My Mistress of your own accord ? you're now
Brought as an Offering to my Bed, 'tis ready.*Lean.* Is your Priest ready too ?*Sal.* For what, I pray ?*Lean.* To make your Princely Bed a Lawful Bed,
Into Unlawful Sheets I'll never come.*Sal.* Rogue-*Draco*, hast not thou ingag'd thy throat ?[*Fil. discovers himself.**Fil.* Here, cut it.*Sal.* Uncle ? is this your Sea-voyage ?
What meant you ?*Fil.* To reclaim you and my son ;
He is reform'd ; but, Mistress-monger, you
Scarce pleas'd with three, four hundred *Venuses*,
Will not this one serve your turn ?*Sal.* Very well.*Fil.* But here's the spight on't, she'll not be a Mistress.*Sal.* Faith, Uncle, wert not for some few respects
I'd marry her.*Fil.* I have done my endeavours

To

The Slighted Maid.

75

To joyn you, and *Leandra* likes you well,
What is't obstructs the Match?

Sal. Nothing, if you
(From being an old Pimp) in an instant can
Become a Saint, work Miracles: make her
Good-natur'd, and the Cheat her Mother honest.

Fil. Bring in the Pris'ners.

Enter Officers and Prisoners.

Look me in the face,
Thou knowest me, and my wrongs; confests the truth
And live; or----- [*Menanthe kneels.*

Me. I confests, When the *Venetian*
Fought with the *Turk* in *Candy*; my old Master
Prince of *Bulgaria*, so valiantly
Charg'd the *Mahometans* who from's Ancestor
Had took the Principality, that he fell
Into an Ambush, and receiv'd a hurt
Of which he di'd, and by his Will left you
(His fellow-Soldier in the *Candian War*)
Guardian to his two Daughters.

Sal. How? two Daughters?

Fil. What if *Leandra* now should prove a Princess?

Me. I confests, That the Prince put me, his Landress,
To wait on's younger Child, Princess *Leandra*;
But when I saw my hopes to raise my self
Out of my Masters Treasure, frustrated
By his intrusting you, my Lord; the Jewels
Committed to my charge I took away,
And stole this lovely Child, upon whose ruines
I was resolv'd to build my self a Fortune.
But sure the Prince was more to blame than I,
For placing a mean Wretch so near a Princess.

Fil. What? have I made a good Land-voyage, Nephew?

L 2

Am

Am I at home ? may *Drake* now Moor his Ship ?
Is she good-natur'd, and her Mother honest ?

Sal. And I most happy in thee, dear *Leandra*.

Lean. I'll answer, like an Oracle, in Heroicks ;
Most happy in a Wife the Prince may prove ,
Not in *Leandra*, she'll have Love for Love.

Sal. If you admit of Love upon Love's score ,
Then I may challenge you.

Lean. And thousands more.

What share can I expect in such a heart ,
Where every pretty Mistress claims a Part ?

Sal. A Passion for all Beauties I must own ;
But they are all contain'd in you alone.
Believe me, for my Word is a Decree.

Lean. Did you not pass your word, that You in Me
Should be Most Happy, which is Most Untrue :
Because I am as Happy, Sir, in You.

Sal. This comes off well. No Sun breaks forth so clear
As through a Cloud, no Joy as through a Fear :
Equally Happy (I confess) we are.

Dia. { And equally your Happiness we share.
Lug. }

Fil. Captain, if you have any thing to say-----

Per. I've made a resolution to say nothing.

Fil. Then I'll speak for thee ; *Lugo*, did not I
Tell thee at first *Peralta* was a Knave ,
A Cheater ? to the cozening of thy self.
Thou art an Acc'ssary, therefore we
Must either Punish both, or Pardon both.
So, Captain, (so that sometimes thou hast been
My Camrade) I discharge thy Imprisonment :
But I discharge my Friendship too ; be gone ,
Nay, take your Baggage with you, worthy Captain,

But

The Slighted Maid.

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But let this be (as Pardons that are got
In years of Jubilee) no Incouragement
To Vice, though you scape Justice.

Per. Not so clearly;

For we are still condemn'd to one another.

[*Exeunt Per. & Me.*]

Fil. The thousand Crowns you owe me, pay *Gioseppe*,
To make up his Reward.

Sal. Uncle, I will.

Fil. And now that you and my Son have got Ladies,
'Tis time to carry them to *Decio's* Mask.

Sal. Aloon then, Scenes of Mirth we may expect.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Decio and Corbulo.

Dec. Rare Poison! how suddainly it dispatch'd them?
'Tis done, and bravely done.

Cor. 'Twas bravely suffer'd.

Dec. And yet his Lordship stoopt to make a suit.

Cor. But how? when *Pyramena* did resolve
To drink first, then *Iberio* intreated
The same Cup might be fill'd again for him:
In that request to you, he courted her.

Dec. I must confess, Man never show'd more courage.

Cor. Nor Woman greater sense of Love, and less
Of Death; her last words I shall ne'er forget.

Dec. Nor shall the World forget them, for I'll be
At charge of setting up their Monument:
First, in the Marble shall be grav'd this Title,
The Poison'd Lovers, then this Epiraph,

*Perhaps the Title moves thee not; but hear
The Lady's last words, and thou'lt drop a Tear.*

When

The Slighted Maid.

*when fairest Pyramena had drunk up
The Poison, and her Lover took the Cup,
She said, Not This I've drunk, but That thou art
To pledge me, That (Iberio) breaks my heart.*

Does it not strike thee ?

Cor. Sadly.

Dec. Ha-ha-ha.

What if I had their Figures cast in Brass,
As they are lying on my Bed, embracing ?
Th' Object has made me dull, I'll have some mirth,
Make ready for the Mask : but first release
Aruido, and to show that he's no Pris'ner,
Give him his Sword : i'th' Gallery I'll meet him.

[*Exit Corbulo.*]

My spleen abates, I've follow'd it too far.
Who's there ?

Enter Vindex with a Sword in his hand.

Vin. I, *Vindex.*

Dec. Ha ! who sent for thee ?

How dar'st thou press upon our privacy ?
What would'st thou have ?

Vin. *Impossibilities,*

A Line to bound an Infinite, your Rage :
There is too much of Tiger's blood in you,
I come to let it out-----

Dec. To murder me ?

Help, murder !

Vin. Peace, or this shall silence you :

[*Vin. draws.*]

Yet, if you let me alone, I do not come
To kill you.

Dec. What's th' intention of thy coming ?

Vin.

The Slighted Maid.

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Vin. To keep you from committing of more murders ;
You have sent *Corbulo* for *Arviedo* ,
Already I am witness to two proofs
Of your strange fury , I'll prevent a third.

Dec. Thou wilt not keep me prisoner ?

Vin. At your peril ;
You shall not rob the world of a young Worthy.

Dec. Know'st thou *Arviedo* ?

Vin. No ; all's one for that ,
I hear the Gentleman's a Child of Honour :
I pity him.

Dec. I love him.

Vin. Who I believe you ?

Enter Arviedo and draws his Sword.

Arv. Prodigious ! a Slave drawn upon his Lord ?
Thy Sword ?

Vin. You'll not take from me your Defence ?

Arv. Villain, defend thy self.

Vin. I am too honest, [*Vin. delivers his Arms.*
Hear me, or you'll be lost, Sir.

Dec. Let him live,
Though he surpriz'd me rudely, he meant well :
Sirrha, about your business : *Arviedo*, [*Exit Vindex.*
This was more noble-----

Arv. I than you can imagine.
I would not have you fall by your Slave's hand.

Dec. My life to *Arviedo* is a debt.

Arv. Pay it, for *Decio* has liv'd too long.
It had been happy for thee, had'st thou di'd
Before thy rage (in pois'ning *Pyramena*
And my brave Kinsman) made thee a Wild-beast ,
Which I must rid the world of.

Dec.

80 *The Slighted Maid.*

Dec. In your breast
There's more of Honour, than to murder one
That is (you see) defenceless.

Arv. Where's thy Sword?

Dec. 'Tis the Gallerie, the place where *Corbulo*
Appointed you to meet : lead, Sir, from me
You shall have satisfaction ; and the like,
I shall require from you.

Arv. I'll do you right.
Ask any thing with your Sword in your hand :
I shall be glad to find you so much Man.

Dec. How much of Man is in me, you shall try :
I'll make you mine, or by your hand I'll die. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Corbulo and a Servant, with one-Ey'd
Vizards in their hands.*

Serv. Why one Eye in the fore-head of my Vizard ?

Cor. Great Puppy, should a Cyclop have two Eyes ?
On with your Cyclop face, the Masks beginning ;

Enter Salerno, Leandra, Lugo, Diacelia.

The Prince ? These Chairs are for you and your Friends, Sir.

Sal. Where's Decio ?

Cor. He'll wait upon your Highness.

*The Scene Vulcan's Court, over it is writ, Foro del
Volcane. Soft Musique.*

Enter Aurora in a black Veil below.

Song in Dialogue

Aur. *Phœbus ?*

Phœb. *who calls the world's great Light ?*

Aur. *Aurora, that abhors the Night.*

Phœb. *why does Aurora from her Cloud
To drowse Phœbus cry so loud ?*

Aur.

The Slighted Maid.

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Aur. Put on thy Beams ; rise, (no regard
To a young Goddess, that lies hard
In th' old Man's bosom ?) rise for shame,
And shine my Cloud into a Flame.

Phœb. Oblige me not beyond my pow'r,
I must not rise before my hour.

Aur. Before thy hour ? look down, and see,
In vain the Persian kneels to thee,
And I (mock'd by the glim'ring Shade)
A sad mistake in Naples made ;
Like Pliny, I had lost my life,
If I had been a Mortal wife.

Phœb. Thou cam'st too near the Burning Mount
Vesuvio ?

Aur. Upon thy account,
For I took Clouds of Smoke and Fire,
(which here from Vulcan's Court expire)
For Morning-straks, Blew, white, and Red,
That Rouse me from cold Ithion's Bed.
Phœbus enters with his Beams on.

Phœb. Charge not upon me for a Crime,
That I staid th' utmost point of time,
Before I would put off my Bays,
And on Naples shed my Rays,
where such a mischief they have done,
As will make Venus hate the Sun,
Discovering to Vulcan's eye
where She and Mars embracing lie.

Aur. I'm sorry Mars and Venus had
Such privacy: but I am glad
That Phœbus does at last appear
To shine away Aurora's Fear.

M

Phœb.

Phœb. *what frightened thee ?*

Aur. *I know not what ;*

But thou know'st all ; what noise is that ?

Phœb. *'Tis Vulcan, in a greater Heat*

Than th'Irons by his Cyclops beat :

He makes the horreur of that noise ,

Teaching and Knocking his great Boys ,

(From hamm'ring out Jove's Thunder) set

To File and Polish Vulcan's Net ,

Which he'l catch Mars and Venus in.

Aur. *what now ?*

[*Laughing within.*

Phœb. *To Laugh the Smiths begin :*

At furious Vulcan (halting off

To measure his wife's Bed) they scoff.

Aur. *I'l leave the place ; I can no more*

Endure the Laughter than the Roar.

[*Tuning within.*

Phœb. *Heark, they record, they'l sing anon ;*

'Tis time for Phœbus to be gone :

For when such Lyrick Asses bray ,

The God of Musique cannot stay.

[*Exeunt Phœbus and Aurora.*

The Cyclops Song (within.)

Cry our Ware, (Sooty Fellows

Of the Forge and the Bellows)

Has Jove any Okes to rend ?

Has Ceres Sickles to mend ?

Wants Neptune a Water-Fork ?

All these are the Cyclops work :

But to Wire-draw Iron-rods ,

To File Nets to catch the Gods ,

what

The Slighted Maid.

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*What can make our fingers so fine ?
Drink, drink, wine, Lippari-wine.*

Chorus.

*"Smoak, Smoak breeds the Tylick,
Wine, Wine's the best Physick,
For every Cyclop a full Kan;
Our Terms runs thus,
Some Wine for Us,
Or no Net for our Master Vulcan.*

Enter *Vulcan* with Iron Links in his hand, and a Horse-shoe reverst on his head, he drives before him the four *Cyclops* drunk, wearing half-Vizards with one Eye in the Fore-head.

Vul. *Drink Fire, you Lazie Monsters; Lippari-wine?
No Liquor down with you, but mine?*

1 Cycl. *We made a Shift.*

Vul. *It seems so, for you reel:
Is this my Cobweb weav'd in Steel?
How horridly it looks-----*

2 Cycl. *But not so horrid* [He points with two fingers at *Vul.*
As Vulcan does, who Shoos his forehead.

Vul. *With gaping loop-holes, and wrought all awry:
My Wife's Pox put out thy one Eye.*

3 Cycl. *He means her Small-pox, and that seldom misses
The Eye, for 'tis a small Ulysses.*

4 Cycl. *I'll dance my Eye out.*

Vul. *Let who dare advance
A Step; no, Rogues, you shall not dance;
I'll lay your leggs fast, your heels you may shake
In th' Iron Stocks, those you can make.*

M 2

Enter

Enter two *Cupids*, (a White and a Black) with Bows and Forked Arrows, with which they point at *Vulcan*.

1 Cycl. Not Dance? Cow'rds? here come Cocks that are no
Two *Cupids*? I have a charge of Bastards. [*dastards*;

2 Cycl. One for the white Men.

3 Cycl. For the Black another.

4 Cycl. Your Wife's a very fruitful Mother:

These *Cupids* shoot in Cross-bows sure, for they
Have forked Arrows?

1 Cycl. Sa, sa, sa;

we have our Forks too, and though drunk, yet hearty,
we'll joy with the Malignant Party.

Exeunt Cyclops, and after *Vulcan* and the *Cupids* have begun the Dance, the *Cyclops* return with Kaus in their hands, they dance and drink.

When the Antick's done, all cry, *Wa e Horns*, and then run away, onely the White *Cupid* stays.

Vul. My Hammer? Dogs, your legs have sav'd your brains,
Still the European Brat remains
Upon the place: Venus's onely Foy
Come hither, my wifes fine white Boy:
You must change Colours, Sirrha, get a robe
As black as Mid-night makes the Globe,
Mourn at thy Mother's Funeral, if thou stay'st,
Thine shall be first-----

Cup. Hold, I'm in haste. [Exit White *Cupid*.

Vul. I am so too: my Net I cannot make,
'Tis now Venus's time to wake: } Vul. pulls out
Time Vulcan measures by exacter trial } a steel Watch
Than Phoebeus does on his Sun-dial:

The Slighted Maid 85

*A Master in my Art I'm known to be,
Though not in th' Art of Poetry;
My Verse tells like myself: but (day and night)
My Workmanship, this Watch, goes right.*

Lean. Why does he look upon his Watch?

Sal. It seems

There is a Critical Minute *Mars* and *Venus*

Must wake in. What? my Lord *Iberio*

Iberio and *Pyramena* discover'd lying on a
Bed, at the Bed's feet sits *Cupid* weeping.

Is *Mars*?

Lug. And is not *Pyramena* *Venus*?

Dia. 'Tis *Pyramena*; how durst *Decio*

Trust her old Servant?

Sal. *Cupid* Watches them.

Lean. Are they not dead? for they look deadly pale.

Enter Decio in a Night-gown, a Sword in his hand;

He looks upon Vulcan's Watch.

Dec. Vanish, Impostor; room for the true *Vulcan*;

The Minute's come; wake, Lovers, wake, I say.

[*Iberio* and *Pyramena* start.

Ibe. Wake? did we sleep? did we not both drink poison?

Dec. Credit the working, 'twas an Opiate,

Onely to make you sleep, till your Friends came

(Stir not, my Lord, nor call for help, in vain)

I sent for your Patron, the Prince, with hope

That in his presence you will be aham'd

To die, the second time, so sensually

Embracing my Wife.

Ibe. Death shall not part us.

Py. This Knor's a Gordian, never to be loos'd.

Decio draws his Sword.

Dec.

Dec. It may be cut, the *Macedonian* way.

Sal. Thou dar'st not offer at their Lives ?

[*Sal. and Lugo draw.*

Dec. And yours,

[*Decio stamps, the Cyclops enter with Arms.*

If you protect them ; show your Swords the way
Into their Scabbards ; mine should be unsheath'd,
But I will put it up, and draw my Tongue
Before these Judges : will you hear ?

Sal. Speak freely.

Dec. Sir, I invited you, not to assist
The Malefactors, but to sit and judge
The Equity of my Revenge : and Ladies,
Be not afrighted, whatsoe'r I suffer,
No Affront shall be offer'd to your Sex.
The Pris'ners may (if they except against
The Prince and *Lugo*) make appeal to you.

Dia. Speaks he not well ?

Lean. He looks exceeding well,

As if his Cause were good.

Dec. First, I charge you,

My Lord *Iberio*, with my Sisters's death.

Ibe. Falsely, I am not guilty.

Dec. How ? not guilty ?

Did not my Sister (upon your Ingagement)
Send for me (then in *Candy*) but ere I
Could come to *Venice*, you were got to *Naples*,
And had disown'd her, which perfidiousness
Soon after broke her heart.

Ibe. You do me wrong,

To charge her Death upon my breach of promise ;
Indeed my Father promis'd, I should marry
Your Sister *Ercina* ; and if I

(That

The Slighted Maid.

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(Who lov'd this Lady) had declar'd my self,
I had been disinherited. My Father
Dying of the Pestilence that reign'd in *Venice* ,
I went to settle my Affairs in *Naples* ,
And from thence writ your Sitter a Discharge.

Dec. Of Life. For who could live to be so scorn'd
As *Ericina* was ? all *Naples* call'd her
The *Slighted Maid* : in short, it cost her life ;
And to revenge her death I came to *Naples* ,
Here I past for an insignificant Poet ,
A Raillier, invited to all Tables ,
Where I but watch'd an Opportunity
To poison you : until (as luck would have it)
You being fool'd out with your Mistris, she
Fools in with me ; but now that she's my Wife ,
(Faces about) you are in love again ,
And make no scruple of Cuckolding poor *Decio*.

Ibe. Thou li'st, for *Pyramena* is as far
From any loose, as thou from noble thoughts.

Dec. I'll but examine you to that point, then
'Twill appear, who's the liar : were not you
Contracted to my Wife ?

Ibe. I was.

Dec. Conclude ;
What the pretension of a Precontract ?
Were you not preingag'd to Cuckold me ?
Pray, what am I ?

Py. Our Executioner ;
Therefore 'tis to no purpose to dissemble
For us that are to die : I do renounce you ,
I'die *Iberio's* Wife.

Decio gives a sign to the Cyclops, they unbind *Iberio*
and *Pyramena*.

Dec.

Dec. No, I forbid

The Banes of Death : you shall live Man and Wife ,
Your scorn is now sufficiently reveng'd :

Behold the *Slighted Maid*. } *Deciopus* off his *Night-gown*, &
Ibe. Lives *Ericina* ? } discovers himself to be a woman.

Sal. What a strange Mother of the Maid is *Venice* ,

That breeds such Furies >

Dec. But my Brother *Decio* ,

(The very night he came to *Venice*) di'd

Of that Mortality which took away

My noble Friend, your Father. I conceal'd

My Brother's suddain death, and gave it out

(Eas'ly believ'd) that your neglect kill'd me ;

My Brother *Decio*'s Funeral pass'd for mine ;

In his shape (putting off my Love and Sex)

I follow'd you, my Lord, as far as *Naples* ;

Here I tri'd several Keys of Death and Fortune ,

To open me a door to my Revenge ;

But still compassion stept in to your rescue :

Till Hatred springing from your Scorn , was buri'd

In Love return'd by one of your own blood,

Enter Arviedo.

The noblest and the sweetest Person living,
Who will not slight me, if you like the Match.

Ibe. So well, that *Ericina* now shall know
Which of my Kinsmen she makes choice of ; this
Is *Giulio* , Heir to the Family

Of Great *Consulvo* ; for his poverty

Conceal'd, under the name of *Arviedo* ,

I bred him, and resolv'd the frowning World

Should never know him till he had a Fortune ;

The Slighted Maid.

89

A noble one fair *Ericina* brings.

Arv. With it I'll serve my Love, next to my Prince.

Sal. Nay, the Kings service will go roundly on ;
I warrant, she'll bring a whole Nurserie
Of Generals, she'll stock thee with young *Gonsalvo's*.

Dec. I'll promise onely Possibilities ;
Though I deserve not the Great Captain's Heir ,
I hope to make him (what has been accepted
By Kings themselves) a Gentleman of *Venice*.
Judges, can you pardon a Woman's weakness ,
That will revenge her blushes ?

Py. I forgive
The cruelty of *Ericina's* Spleen ,
Which cur'd *Iberio's* Jealousie.

Sal. All's pleas'd
With such a fortunate Close. Send for our Coaches ,
Meantime, let's have a Dance , as your Grand Mask.

[*They Dance.*]

So, now at the next Chapel we'll be marri'd ,
Then at my House I'll treat you , where th' Inviter
Shall be *Leandra's* Guest. But still there wants
A just Reward for this deserving Soldier ,
That boldly, at his lowest ebb of Fortune ,
Durst check a Prince in his carriere to Vice.

Dec. Who taking me for (what I seem'd) a Man
That would have given my Wife a wanton freedom ,
Advis'd me to be jealous of my Honour ;
And when he (swearing to do my commands)
Knew me to be a Woman, for his Oath's sake ,
Against his Nature, he made you my Pris'ner. [*to Iber.*]

Ibe. I'll do my self the honour to advance him.

Sal. Then make him your Lieutenant-Coronel.

Ibe. I can't, but I'll give him my Regiment ,

N

And

The Slighted Maid.

And get the Vice-Roy to Sign his Commission.

Des. And from a Slave, poor *Vindex*, thou shalt be
(As I have promis'd) made both Rich and Free.

Ite. *Corbulo*, manage thou our *Candian* Arms,
The Battel I must fight in, is, at home.

Cor. I've not a Courtier's tongue to speak my thanks,
But to the *Turk* I'll sell my blood so dear,
I hope the Christian Cause will thank my Ra'ser
For sending me to *Candy*. My grief is,
I've but one Life to lose for the King's Honour.

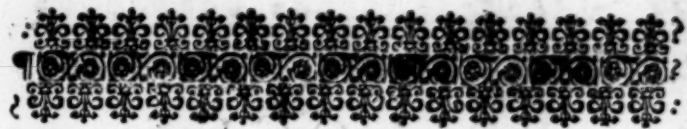
Sal. No, Cor'nel, (doubtless) the King's better Stars
Will guard thy life, to serve him nearer *Spain*.
Let's all now joy this Military Bride-groom.
Patience (thou see'st) may lend blind Fortune Eyes
To find out Men, and make low Sufferers rise.

[*Exeunt.*

Simple play

THE

*S*lighted
Res
I look'd
'Twould
But thou
Th'Eng
And sh
Her Sa
Behold
Your Sc
Let's h
will ma



THE
EPILOGUE

Spoke by
The SLIGHTED MAID.

*S*lighted, you know, I was ; but, Gentlemen,
Resembling you in Shape and Courage, then
I look'd upon it with an angry brow :
'Twould grieve me, if I should be slighted now.
But though our Sex the proud Italians scorn,
Th' English are Civil, you are Courtiers born,
And she's curs'd in her Cradle, that promotes
Her Sute to you, and is deni'd your Votes.
Behold, your Candidate before you stands :
Your Semcle sees Thunder in your hands,
Let's hear it : Claps that would make some afraid,
Will make the Slighted the Exalted Maid.

EPILOGUE



EPILOGUE TO THE K I N G.

I've spoke before your Majesty, but yet
I never kneel'd in such a shaking Fit ;
For, Sir, the Author bids me kneel and pray
Against your Justice : all that he can say
In his defence, is, that you would condemn
His faults, if strictly you examin'd them.
He hopes you will not ; and why should he fear ?
Your Majesty was never yet severe
To any thing well-meant, though ill-exprest ;
And he presumes, you think, he did his best
To please you : therefore would be hard, if he
In making for your mirth a Comedy,
Should write's own Tragedy ; yet that's his Case,
If your Impartial Justice should take place ;
But if your Gracious Favour intervene,
The Epilogue is clearly his best Scene.

F I N I S.

